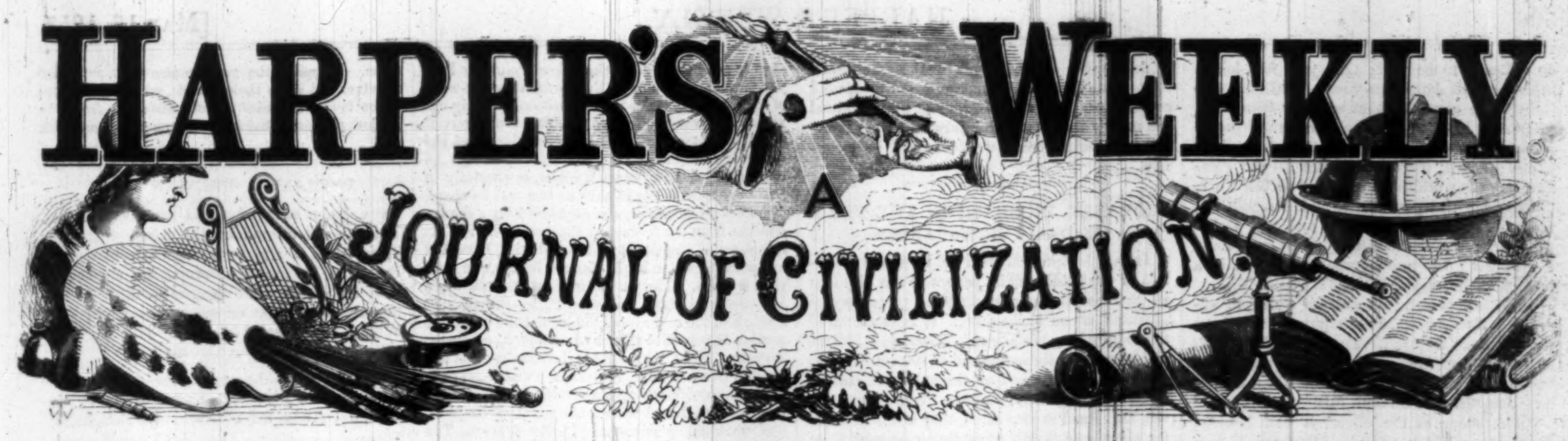


HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. I.—No. 20.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1857. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of more than *Sixty Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

LORD ELGIN has sailed for China. Mr. Reed is under orders for the same destination. The Dallas-Clarendon treaty is rejected. These announcements are full of import for the future policy of this country.

Let us sweep our glass around the horizon. As to Europe, there is little or nothing at present that can much interest us. A Holy Alliance rules there as vigorous as that of 1815. Three great military despotisms, Russia, Austria, and France, with iron heel grind into the dust thought, speech, and action. The little freedom of action that is tolerated in Piedmont or Switzerland, is tolerated simply because it is so feeble as not to be dangerous; and England knows, as she has always known, how to satisfy the demands of her own people, without indulging in any sentimental sympathy for the oppressed of other lands. This state of things will last till the revolution of 1848 is forgotten—till the allegiance of the armies waxes faint—till financial troubles come—or till some undreamed of evil occurs, and in a twinkling of an eye we shall see on his feet, with mane erect, and orbs of flame, that awful Beast—the People. And then will be a bad time, a very *mauvais quart d'heure*, for all despots, legitimate or bastard, Bourbon or Bonaparte. But till that day comes Europe is a closed book, and we may amuse ourselves with thinking how, only four short years ago, we were tickling ourselves with the Koszta bauble, and the nonsense of intervention.

Not so, however, with either the East or the West. Both East and West are in a state of intense excitement, and both present questions full of interest and importance. Look at China. Nothing can be more futile, in regard to this last outbreak, than to talk of Yeh and Bowring, and lorchas and international rights, and discuss and compare, and seek to arrive at "just conclusions." The history of the last Chinese difficulty is the history of five hundred other quarrels pushed in the East by the English with or without excuse, and with but one result—extension of empire. Now they have got a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and if they do not make a good deal out of it, it will not be that they will not try.

To a certain extent the progress of the English in the East is the progress of civilization, and as such must command our interest and sympathy in every point of view. To render Canton inhabitable to foreigners—to open Pekin to diplomatic residence—to break down the wall of Chinese ignorance and insolence—is for the benefit of all Western powers, Cisatlantic or Transatlantic, and all Western powers should rejoice at it.

But is the march of English power to stop with this? How is it about Formosa, the Cuba of the Chinese ocean? Formosa, it is said, has immense store-houses of coal, and Formosa would be a most comfortable naval possession for a great naval power. England has an old trick of picking up outlying stations with good harbors and convenient for ships to wood and water at. What will France say to this? What will the young giant of the New World say to this?

Look on the other side at the West. Mexico is crumbling to pieces. It is idle to suppose that even the form of her present government will much longer be maintained; the game of the bandits in Nicaragua seems to be nearly played out; and every thing looks to the further and rapid advance southward of our restless population, who seem likely soon to be checked on the plains of the West by the Great Sandy Desert interposed at the eastern foot of the Rocky Mountains. At this time we learn that the Dallas-Clarendon treaty is rejected, and fortunate is it every way that this last trammel on the advance of our people has ceased to exist.

A new era opens for the development of the genius of our country. May it be improved by bold and firm hands! The policy of America is marked in letters of light, that he who runs may read.

In the East, the policy of America is that of France and that of England, so far as the policy of those two countries is to develop commerce, to open new relations, to civilize, to Christianize the world. But it is with either against the other, or against both, if either or both seek to establish new bases of commercial supremacy, to establish new colonies with exclusive relations, or to occupy new territory with any selfish views. Let, then, the new Minister go out determined to sail in the wake of neither France nor England, but to proclaim and insist on the largest and most equal principles of commercial liberty, freedom of trade, reciprocity of intercourse, and all the great tenets of modern equality and fraternity.

In the West, the policy of America is American alone. Possessing already both sides of the Continent, the possession of the route between our present territory is as inevitable as the operation of any natural law. We want no Clayton-Bulwer treaty, no Dallas-Clarendon treaty to aid or to impede us. The progress of our people will surely and steadily be to occupy and cultivate, to civilize and to bless, all those portions of this Continent which are fit for the occupancy and enjoyment of the white race. We need not the permission of any European power to accomplish this. We need no entangling alliances. All we need is to give a steady protection to our own people in their legitimate enterprises, and to take advantage of the gradual disintegration of Governments which are utterly unable to maintain a decent show of system or order.

The Panama disturbances—the Nicaraguan convulsions—all show which way the current tends. It is idle to suppose that regions so fair are to be left much longer to anarchy and convulsion. It is more than idle to suppose that either England or France can successfully contend with us for the supremacy of any portion of this Continent between the forty-ninth parallel of latitude and the spot where Balboa first saw the Ocean of the West.

LORD NAPIER.

WE desire to return our special thanks to Lord Napier for a matter pertinent to ourselves, whereof, probably, his Lordship knows nothing. Some weeks before the English embassador arrived here, we took occasion to intimate that we saw no particular reason why, as a gentleman belonging to a stock which nobody had ever accused of dullness, who had seen more nations than Homer's traveler dreamed of—who, if he had not (to take a liberty or two with a well-known poem)

> "Ta'en off his hat to bid Cambyses pass,
> And hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,"

had at least done the same by the successors of those somewhat remote but highly respectable monarchs; who had seen the torpid despotisms of the oldest parts of the Old World, and the fervid upheavings of the volcanic formations of Western Europe; why such a gentleman might not be a valuable and respectable representative of her Britannic Majesty in this country. For this expression of confidence we were somewhat taken to task by one or two of the bell-wethers of our "fierce Democracie;" in reply to which we, like sensible people, bided our time, and said nothing.

Now our time has come, and we desire, as we have said, to return our thanks to Lord Napier for making our anticipations come true, with a will. The British Minister has, within a few short weeks, done more than all the Ministers before him for the real harmony and good-will of the thinking minds of the two countries—for the harmonious co-operation of the real governing intellect of the two great nations.

It is not that Lord Napier has made the best speech ever made by a Briton on this Continent, but that this speech evinces, for the first time, a true and a cordial sense of the real growth, and power, and grandeur of this country.

There is always infinite wisdom in looking things in the face, and seeing exactly the true nature of a "situation:" this is as wise and as courageous for individuals as for nations. Now, what is the true relative position of this country and of England?

The power of each is enormous. The maritime power of England is colossal, and her wealth is vast. To this she adds the fact, important always for the vigor of administration, that her Government is in the hands of a small class, closely bound together by birth, habit, breeding, association, and hereditary recollections.

On the other hand, this country has a strength and power in the youth, the intelligence, the energy of her people that will never be fully appreciated till it is developed by some mighty contest. Our wealth is growing with fabulous rapidity, and our strength is becoming the contemplation of the world.

These two countries have thus the means of doing each other a degree of injury that no pen can adequately portray. It is useless to attempt any description of what it may be. History is full of the horrors of war; but history contains no record of any destruction such as that which would take place if these two nations came to blows.

On the other hand, there are no two nations capable of doing so much good to each other if their hearts shall be turned to peace. Each has virtues that the other needs. The one tenaciously conservative, the other vigorously progressive; the one intensely aristocratic, the other vehemently democratic in its proclivities; the one eminently skillful in administrative detail to the great neglect of the political rights or education of the lower classes, the other forever stirring up the ignorant masses with every sort of excitement, educational and political; the one endowed with a Church establishment, the other a perfect anarchy of sects; the one with its agriculture brought to the perfection of a science required in old and poor lands, the other just roughly scratching the surface of a soil teeming with fecundity. In every respect the two countries are able to impart to each other the most valuable experience and instruction.

What has been the course of things hitherto? As far as regards the public organs of Opinion, there has been mainly, on both sides, but one current of jealousy, disparaging remarks, not to say positive hostility. But how preposterous is this! England is an aristocratic monarchy—we are a democratic republic. It is as likely that she will change her institutions as that we shall change ours. An English president is as Utopian a creation as an American monarch. The people of both countries are in the main profoundly attached to their institutions. There are a few sentimentalists here who think the Constitution a covenant with Hell, and there are a few hungry Chartists there who thirst for a revolution; but in the main both countries are well satisfied with the existing order of things.

Now, in this state of affairs, can any thing be more absurd than for the representatives of the aristocracy to be always turning the cold shoulder on the democracy, simply because it is a democracy; and for the organs of the democracy to be flying in the teeth of the aristocracy, simply because it is an aristocracy?

How much wiser, more sensible, more instructive, to study each other's organization—not to point out defects, but to copy beauties. Up to this time it is very much a delusion to talk of the good feeling between the two countries. The moneyed classes of either nation are making money out of each other, and they very willingly continue to do so; but the great body of the thinking people of the two countries have few habits of cordial unison of thought. How few American travelers spend any time studying the great wonders of England! The greater part of them stroll on the Boulevards, lounge up and down the Rhine, gaze at the Alps, and turn their backs on the most curious spectacle of a society, which, without any convulsion serious enough to break the continuity of its ideas, has lasted nearly a thousand years. Then, on the other hand, how few educated Englishmen come to this country to observe, with intelligent and impartial minds, the practical operation of the most important experiment that has ever yet been sought to be wrought out on this poor earth! Mr. Kingsley sends us just now a book full of humanity and of high and benevolent aspirations, and equally full of ignorance of our real condition; while scores of travelers and papers forty-fold more ignorant, and a thousand-fold less well-tempered, daily fulminate their trash of nonsense and ill-humor.

These things can only be corrected by time, but more than by time will they be corrected by the large and liberal expressions of able men, placed in positions where their words command interest and attention. It is on this account that we attach importance to Lord Napier's intelligent and kindly words. When the leaders of the pack cease to open in cry, the curs and mongrels will no longer snarl or growl.

HINTS ON TRAVELING.

ARE you going to England? Of course you are; every body goes there; every body is wise to go there. It makes all your book-knowledge real. Mother Goose, London Bridge, Children of the Abbey—do not all these things belong to England? Did not Robinson Crusoe live at York? Was not Dr. Primrose an English vicar (if he was not an Irish one)?

Wouldn't you like to go into St. Paul's Church-yard, where Mr. What's-his-name made all the nursery books, long—long ago?

Well, let an old stager give you a bit of advice.

Take a steamer; it is quicker, and you have no time to lose; nobody has. There is a deal of poetry about white sails, and whistling up a wind, and biding the breath of providential gales; but it is all shore-poetry. Sea-sickness (if you suffer it) takes all the melody out of that sort of verse; and *ennui* (if you are proof against sickness) will kill any romance that is left.

Don't carry much baggage (call it luggage when you arrive, or the porters won't take your meaning). Portmanteaus are cheaper and better in England than we make them; and clothes, if not so dainty, will wear longer.

Don't think of astonishing any body on the other side with your toilet; if you could do it (as we dare say you could), it would not be worth the anxiety and money it would cost you.

They make shirts in England, and coats, and pantaloons; they may be had any where. Take a full supply for your voyage, and for the first two dinners after arrival; what you have more give to your porter John, or send to the Mission at the Five Points. They will illustrate your worth in that quarter better than they could in England.

Don't pretend that you are never sick to the first man who asks you a question on that point. Tell him you suppose you will be. Don't pretend it's only headache, when you stay away from your first dinner at sea; never begin travel with hypocrisy. Don't object to the cooking, or the preserved meats. It's not the meats, or the cooking; it's the sea.

Don't fancy every man on board an American; there are other people in the world besides Americans; and traveling is a good way to find it out.

On the last day—the Champagne day, when gentlemen make speeches—escape if you can (the chances are you will); but if pushed, don't say any thing of the American eagle; it is a land bird; if you must give way to the Tammany impulses, allude rather to the stars and the stripes, and the poem of Dr. Drake.

On arrival at Liverpool, don't remark to any friend that "it seems to be a very foggy place." It is, of course; and you should know that before setting out. Don't call for dinner in your own parlor, unless you have a wife and children (in which case you had better stay at home). Don't call for cutlets, and roast beef, and stewed duck, unless you wish to pay three-fold price, and be laughed at by John, the waiter. Don't mistake the waiter for the landlord; and don't mistake the landlady for a bar-maid.

Don't order up a carriage to see the town; if you do you will have an unwieldy two-horse landau, with coachman and footman; it is better to step into the street, beckon to a cab-man, and give your order in person.

Don't run away from Liverpool the first night or morning because all your fellow-passengers do. Learn to be cool; take your first lesson in shaking off American "rush." Go down to the docks; contrast them with the New York wharves; look up at the seven-story warehouses; give a glance at the mammoth draught-horses; admit, if you can, that all the commerce of the world is not confined to New York.

Consider the pavements, and Mr. Ebling; reflect upon the Russ patent, and why it has not extended over the world; recall the Croton if you will; but repress your exultation in a tankard of Barclay & Perkins's Double XX.

Make all your arrangements a day in advance. Never stop for the weather; they have no weather in England. To-morrow never fails of being to-morrow, and is never adjourned till the first fine day. I think the clean streets have something to do with this.

Don't sneer at the churches and houses; there are smokier ones in Pittsburg, if you ever saw them. You will find, too, that people seem to care more for the inside of houses in England than for the outside.

Reflect upon this a while; consider if our serene sunshine and clear, frosty skies are not leading us off toward too much of outsidedness. If you keep a journal, put the thought down for elaboration and future discussion.

Don't distress yourself about statistics; never think of asking the waiter the population of the place, or of consulting the cabman about the annual cost of paving-stones. You will find these things done to your hand in the books.

Don't count upon setting off a few minutes after eight, if the railway tables say eight; if you do you will be left behind. Don't imagine that Liverpool and London are the principal parts of England, and that nothing else will pay for the seeing.

There are country places in Great Britain; and if you are not off in the mean time, read some hints about your way of getting to them, which an old stager will give to you in this place—Saturday week.

RAILROAD REPUDIATION.

WITHIN the past six weeks three prominent railway companies have failed to meet the interest due upon their bonds. On the 1st of April the interest due on the First Mortgage Bonds of the Great Western Company of Illinois was not forthcoming; and on the 1st of May a like default was made by the Lake Erie and Wabash Company with regard to interest due on its Second Mortgage Bonds, and by the Northern Railway Company on bonds for the interest on which the city of Albany was expected to provide. In this last instance the default has since been made good. Various excuses are offered on behalf of the several companies; they amount to no more than the stereotyped reply which notaries record as the debtor's answer when summoned to rescue a note from protest. The fact is undeniable that these several companies were unable to pay the most urgent and sacred of all debts at the proper time.

As this is not the first instance of default on the part of railroad companies, so we have reason to fear that it will not be the last. The whole tendency of railway financiering in the United States is toward such default. No business in the country—however profitable—could stand the mismanagement, the reckless financial doctoring, the mad competition which mark the history of almost every railway in the country. Roads run at an expense exceeding the receipts; fares far below a remunerative rate; hasty and hence enormously expensive constructions; suicidal rivalries; a systematic concealment of facts in reports, and a studied perversion of the truth in order to prevent a depreciation in the market value of stocks—these are the features which meet the eye of every candid student of our railway system, and no amount of sophistry, no array of figures, no appeal to character can efface or palliate them.

Two leading and fallacious principles seem to have led to the state of things now before us. Railway directors have uniformly held that the success of their enterprise was largely dependent upon the maintenance of the market value of the stock, and have thus sacrificed the road to the stock, instead of devoting their whole energies to the former, and letting its success rule the latter—its representative. And, partly as a consequence of this, it has been almost universally the rule to pay, in the shape of dividends, profits which no amount of engineering skill, economy, and financiering could have enabled such enterprises to earn.

We trust that, should defaults of the nature of these we have mentioned ever become general, the embarrassment they would cause would not be aggravated by attempts to repudiate on legal and technical grounds. The New Haven repudiation has damaged American credit more than any one can rightly estimate. And if there exist, in any considerable number of cases, substantial grounds of defense to an action brought by a bondholder against a Company for interest on the bonds; if, for instance, it can be pleaded that the corporation had not proper authority to contract debts to such an amount, or to pledge its property for their payment; or if questions can arise as to the actual nature of the property and rights which could be sold under a foreclosure; or if legal disability to issue bonds in the manner and form used can be fastened on those officers who obtained the money for them, the injury to private interests and public credit would indeed be excessive.

PROBABLE INCREASE IN THE PRICE OF DAILY NEWSPAPERS.

IT may be inferred from the language of certain of the leading daily papers of this city that an increase in their subscription price may be expected at an early date. It is conjectured that before long the *Herald*, *Times*, and *Tribune* will be sold for three, instead of two cents. The advance will be based on the enhanced cost of manufacturing daily papers: when their price was first fixed at two cents, they could be made for about one-fourth what they cost now. At the present time, the three papers we mention are sold for much less than they cost to manufacture; we presume that the average *loss* on the *Herald* circulation can not fall far short of $100,000 per annum.

That the public would cheerfully submit to an advance of fifty per cent. in the price of the leading journals can hardly be questioned. Within the past ten years the price of almost every staple commodity has risen more than fifty per cent. Newspapers have no claim to exemption from the common lot, and they are as absolute a necessity as flour, sugar, or land.

The daily press of New York, with all its imperfections, is the noblest intellectual product of America. As newspapers, the three leading daily journals are superior to the leading dailies of England, France, and every other country in the world. They contain more news and more information on general topics; they are a better and more accurate reflection of the day; they are adapted to instruct a larger class of readers than any foreign journals in existence. A chronic recurrence of the censorship in France, and divisions of class and caste in England, have prevented the great journals of those countries from attaining the pinnacle of newspaper eminence and usefulness. They have consumed and do consume a higher order of literary talent than is easily commanded here; but short-sighted legislation in the one instance, and aristocratic exclusiveness in the other, have rendered that talent far less effective for the great purposes of national advancement than more moderate ability has proved in this country. While the man of intellect must bow reverently before the admirable skill and eloquence of the London *Times*, the man of common sense will admit that, for all practical purposes, popular and thorough newspapers like ours are better and more useful.

What effect the centralizing tendency of civilization may produce upon the relative position of the three leading dailies of New York remains to be seen; but it seems likely that some or all of them will participate in the gradual movement which is concentrating the intellect and energy of this country in this metropolitan city. Several very meritorious attempts have been made in other large cities to rear newspapers which shall compete with the New York dailies; but they have been uniformly failures, and leading merchants throughout the country look to the New York papers for the news. Indeed, until some other city shall attain the commercial activity and population of New York, it is demonstrable that our journals will retain an undisputed pre-eminence throughout the confederacy. A great journal is impossible save in a metropolis.

BULWER'S NEW NOVEL.

OUR readers will be glad to hear that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is writing a new story, which he compares to the "Caxtons" and "My Novel." We have made arrangements with him for publishing it in the columns of this journal. The first number will appear in the course of next month, and it will be continued till it is completed, each number appearing here simultaneously with its publication in England. We congratulate our readers on the prospect. A new work by Bulwer is perhaps the noblest intellectual treat that can be offered to a person of refined and cultivated taste.

CHAT.

OVER THE WATER.

THE season for the annual exodus from the Egyptian bondage of our city life, of monotonous drudgery or monotonous indolence, to Europe, that land of promise for every body in America, has returned, and steamers, and even occasional sailing packets, are crowded with first-class emigrants for London and Paris. We hear a good deal about hard times in Wall Street, a tight money market, bank contraction, and the other premonitories of a financial crisis. But the times are never so hard as to keep people at home; the market is never so tight as materially to diminish the number of our fellow-citizens who are "on the loose," in Continental capitals; the banks never contract to such an extent as to prevent the widest expansion of which Young America is capable on Regent Street and the Boulevards. There are some things we must do, and going to Europe is one of them. But "going to Europe" has a very dissimilar significance with different classes of people equally on the alert to go Our overworked friend Point, the lawyer, for instance, looks at Europe from the net-work of legal perplexities which constitute his daily environment, very much as the Sing Sing convict when he catches a glimpse of the river and the banks beyond out of his prison cell. He does not care when, or how, or with whom, or precisely in what spot, so he could only be free and be there. The Porkers, however, who are meditating a change of scene from the Avenue to the more congenial atmosphere of the Court of the Tuileries, have but one point of vision in the Eastern hemisphere, and that is Paris. The world for them is divided into but two parts, Paris and out of Paris—the one habitable and the other inhabitable, and the habitable portion is one solid sphere of millinery and opera. To young Twist, the junior partner in the great importing house of Silk, Pattern, & Twist, Europe is one vast manufacturing district, irrigated by Champagne, interspersed with truffles and *vol-au-vents*, and inhabited by grisettes and ballet-dancers. The city clergyman, for whom bronchitis is a passport to the Old World, sees the Eternal City in the distance, and hurries for a close inspection of all the papal abominations of Rome; while young Hopeful, who is bent on accomplishing the grand tour in the grandest manner, constructs in his fancy a panorama, in which the docks of Liverpool, the Tower of London, the Grand Opera, the Pyramids and Sphinxes of the desert, "the Alps, the Apennines, the Pyrenean, and the River Po" are jumbled together without much reference to perspective.

What does it cost to travel in Europe? This is a question very often put by people who would like to go if they were quite sure they could afford it. About as well ask, What does it cost to live in New York?. You may do it for as little or as much as you please. Very often the greatest amount of money is spent to the least advantage, and those who pay the most get the smallest return. And in traveling, as in housekeeping, the lavish extravagance of the rich increases the scale of expense for every body. But Americans dread economy at any time, and most of all when they are traveling; and very few set out on a foreign tour with any intention of practicing this virtue. The solid man of family, whose European experience is moulded by the plastic touch of the Parisian courier, pays his fifteen or twenty thousand dollars for ten or twelve months' travel, and comes home perfectly satisfied. He is wholly unsuspicious that the thing can be done for less money, or that couriers and valets are not absolute necessities, as much as passports and *visées*. The experienced tourist, who looks from the diligence window at our solid friend's post-carriage, represses his envy when he reflects that its inmate is probably being victimized at every point of his luxurious progress, and that the capacity for enjoyment is not to be purchased even at such a sacrifice.

"Put money in thy purse!" is a safe maxim for him whom the Fates tempt across the water; for unlimited are the opportunities of spending it. But a single man may go and see and enjoy every thing at a cost of ten to twenty-five per cent. less than is involved in traveling in this country, if he avoids the extravagances of celebrated hotels, and keeps out of the immediate companionship of notabilities or millionaires. If one travels in this way without ladies, a per diem of five or six dollars is a fair allowance for his expenses on the Continent, supposing him to make sufficiently long rests at the prominent points of interest. The addition of "lovely woman" inevitably increases the outlay, unless the female portion of the party are imbued with something of the Ida Pfeiffer spirit.

We wish the departing absentees pleasant journeys and safe returns.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

The Reverend Mr. Spurgeon should have been imported for the Anniversaries of this week. They evidently needed the infusion of some new element of attraction to counterbalance the preponderating influence of the Cunningham trial, the Newburg mystery, and the doubtful powers of the Police Commissioners. The religious lights of other days, when Anniversary Week was a season of general interest and excitement among the more sober part of the community, have faded; and at the very time when all the great movements of Christian philanthropy and benevolence are most successful and popular, there seems to be an actual dearth of advocates in their behalf, or of any marked interest in their annual assemblies. The Tabernacle has been swept away by the march of modern improvement, and with its departure we notice a decided decline in the public sympathy with the gatherings which, during past years, at this season, made its walls echo with appeals in behalf of so many different enterprises for the benefit of human kind, mentally, morally, and physically. The Anniversary forces have been dislodged from their stronghold, and dispersed where the public does not care to follow them. In fact the Anniversary, like the Lecture, was overdone. People who read the newspapers every day in the year do not require to take a week at any period of it to acquire information on any subject, secular or religious; and unless some star of the first magnitude culminates on the occasion, there are few of our busy New Yorkers who can spare the time for the statistics and dullness which characterize so many of these yearly meetings. The Tabernacle used to present a portentous array of bonnets in the seats, and a strong muster of country clergy on the platform; but the real religious public is not to be drawn together into pews, without some strong attraction, any more than the theatre-goers are to be drummed into pit or parquette to look at poor performances on the stage.

We must have a new Tabernacle, or a new Metropolitan Hall. The Academy of Music is unsuited to the purposes of a popular assembly, which require convenient space without many divisions or great height of ceiling. With a good building, and good speakers, the Anniversaries may yet regain their old place as centres of interest; but, for the present year, the Oyer and Terminer has eclipsed them. Happily, the good causes they represent survive, and so do their friends, who are very apt to be found at quite remote distances from the loudest platform professions of sympathy and zeal.

WOMAN: A PERSIAN TALE.

ONCE, when each wise and witty thing
Was always uttered by the King,
There lived a King who seldom spoke
But from his mouth there popped a joke;
And oft within there lay, in sooth,
Some prudent hint or wholesome truth,
Which, in the cracking, freely fell,
Like any kernel from the shell.

His Majesty—the story goes—
Was wont to say: All human woes,
All fatal feuds, broils, wars, and slaughters,
Were chargeable to Eve's frail daughters.
He held it for a standing jest,
That, if the truth were but confessed,
No mortal sin or sad event,
Not e'en a seeming accident,
E'er came to pass but one could trace,
Somewhere, a lady in the case.

And thus, as suited with his creed,
Whate'er mischance, or wicked deed,
Occurred to stir the stagnant town,
The King put on a royal frown
And straight inquired, with solemn phiz,
"Pray tell me who the woman is."

A lady of the royal court,
Who deemed it but ungracious sport,
E'en told the King what she had heard,
And vowed she thought it most absurd.

"Nay," quoth his Majesty, "I swear
(Though greatly I respect the fair)
No ill occurs but one may trace,
Somewhere, a woman in the case.
Indeed, the point at rest to set
(Although, you know, I seldom bet),
I'll lay one-half my kingdom down—
That is, I'll wager half-a-crown—
No mortal sins or grossly errs,
Not e'en an accident occurs,
But—tell the truth without evasion—
Some cursed woman is the occasion!"

The story goes, that very day
The lady came again, to say,
With solemn face, "Good Sire, alas!
A sad event has come to pass!—
(Ah!—quoth the King—pray what's the row?—
And, tell me, who's the woman now?)—
This morning, as a careless wight
Was climbing to a giddy height,
The rotten ladder chanced to break,
By which the fellow broke his neck!
Now tell me, to your royal shame,
Who but himself was aught to blame?"

"I've heard it all," the King replied,
"And how the wretched gallant sighed—
'Twas but to see—alas, the day!—
That charming maid across the way!'

"Thus, madam, you may plainly see
My saying needs no further plea.
Whenever mortals sin apace,
And fall from ladders, or from grace,
Or break their necks, or break the laws,
Some cursed woman is the cause!"

KISSES.

SITTING to-night in my chamber,
A bachelor, frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That, and that only.

Reveries rise with the smoke-wreaths;
Memories tender surround me;
Girls that are married—or buried,
Gather around me.

School-girls in pantalets romping;
Girls that have grown to be misses;
Girls that liked to be kissed, and
Liked to give kisses.

Kisses—well I remember them!
Those in the corner were fleetest;
Sweet were those "on the sly;" in the
Dark were the sweetest.

Anna was tender and gentle;
To woo was almost to win her;
Her lips were as good as ripe peaches
And milk for dinner.

Nell was a flirt, and coquettish;
'Twas—catch me and kiss if you can, Sir!
Could I catch both—ah! wasn't I
A happy man, Sir!

Anna has gone on a mission
Off to the South Sea sinners;
Nell is a widow, keeps boarders, and
Cooks her own dinners.

Charlotte, and Susan, and Hattie,
Mary Jane, Lucy, and Maggie;
Four are married and plump, two
Maiden and scraggy.

Carrie is dead! Bloom sweetly,
Ye mignonettes, over her rest!
Her I loved dearly and truly,
Last and the best.

Thus I sit smoking and thinking,
A bachelor, frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That, and that only!

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

HAIRY NOTHINGS.

There is probably no animal more obnoxious to a man of refined feelings than the American hair-dresser. He is a cruel necessity, because beards will grow, and society must shave. The aborigines of this country, having some occult presentiment of the awful race of barbers that was to arise with the growth of beards, wisely postponed the advent by exterminating carefully all capillary ornaments. If the Indians were uncivilized, they were at least free from one of the great evils of civilization. It may be said that in ignoring the barber they lost the glory of creating the coiffeur, which last is the perfect result of the former. But to that I answer, What did they want of the coiffeur? With a sublime stride back to first principles, they adopted the splendid plan of getting their wigs ready made from the heads of their enemies.

Let any man of refinement place his hand on his chin, and tell me that he has never cursed the American barber in his heart. The tonsorial race of nearly all nations have their disadvantages. The English barber talks too much to you. He insists on communicating to you all the news that you have read in the morning paper. He is always provided with a small battery of remarks on the weather, and never lets you off without telling you that whoever cut your hair last cut it very badly. If you reply that it was himself, it makes no matter. He informs you that your ambrosial curls are eccentric in their growth, and do not increase on correct capillary principles. He is voluble and tedious, certainly, but withal submissive, kind, and attentive; and if you condescend to impart to him any information respecting yourself, he is awe-struck, wonder-struck, or horror-struck, as the occasion demands. He always, however, has a cake of soap of his own invention to sell you before you go.

The Italian barber possesses the peculiarity of talking to six people at the same time, leaving you under the impression that his attention is so distracted from your chin, that your throat will be cut the next instant by a slip of the razor. He is also generally greasy, and smells of maccaroni and garlic.

The German barber possesses no peculiarities beyond excessive laziness, surliness, and bad razors.

The Spanish barber—the celebrated hero of comedy; he of the brass basin that Don Quixote wore as a helmet; he of Seville singing, "al idea di' quel metallo;" he, the intriguer, the coward, the wit, the public go-between, the audacious liar, the inimitable buffoon, exists no longer. The chivalry and romance of Spain is dead, and the greatest race of barbers that the world ever saw has fled with them.

But how to speak of the American barber! He who reigns in a huge gilded workshop smelling of bad cosmetics, and thronged with hasty sons of Freedom, who desire to be shaved, and combed, and anointed in two minutes and a half. Woe be to you, man of deliberation, if you set foot in Papho's colossal establishment! You are seized on your entrance by a boy, who violently divests you of your coat, hat, and neck-tie, and thrusting them into a hole in the wall with a number over it, gives you a ticket bearing a corresponding cipher. It is no consolation to you that the ticket is good for one hat, one coat, and one neck-tie, when you are done. You are not in the habit of beholding your most cherished garments treated so brusquely. That coat, which was one of Lapell's *chef-d'œuvres*, you were always in the habit of treating with the greatest tenderness and care. Here you are obliged to stand by and see it rolled up like a bundle of dirty linen, its faultless collar crushed, its skirts seamed and tumbled, and thrust into a dusty pigeon hole, as if it had been bought at some ready-made establishment.

In this agonized frame of mind you are taken possession of by a man who thrusts you into what seems to be a chair for executing criminals by the garrote, such as they use in Cuba—an impression that is heightened by the grating of some horrible machinery just behind your neck. This rude miscreant then seizes you by the head and forces it back upon a sort of crutch handle, in which delightful position you are supposed to remain during the tonsorial operation. Then comes the fatal moment of the lather. I solemnly declare that the few seconds preceding that application at Papho's are the most terrible in my life. With what hellish ingenuity does the barber continue to fill your mouth, your eyes, your ears with the bitter alkali! If your lips unclose for an instant, a saponaceous Mont Blanc slips between them. The Righi gets into your eyes, and you can not hear for a Himmalaya of suds.

Then comes what perhaps is most remarkable in the American barber—his razor. That instrument possesses the rare quality of combining melody with a bad edge. Instead of being formed upon the English and French principle, as a heavy wedge of steel with a fine edge, it resembles the thin hoop with which they shave sailors on crossing the line. Its musical powers are very singular. It is so thin that its vibrations are sonorous, and each bristle of the beard that it touches draws from it a different note. As it tears over the lacerated epidermis, it seems to emit sounds of vengeful triumph.

From this moment until the time that you are turned out finished, you are ill-treated by the barber. He pulls your nose. He breathes into your nostrils an atmosphere of onions or bad brandy; he sticks his greasy fingers into your mouth under pretense of shaving your upper lip. The feeling of luxurious gratification which is supposed to be an attendant on "an easy shave," is banished; and after having your skin nearly flayed off of you, the villainous operator suddenly applies to the raw surface a towel dipped—as it always seemed to me—in brandy and water, until your face is the color of a beet. Then the way in which he arranges your hair! What horrid sticky pomatum he puts on! How he tries to reduce the outline of your head to a series of right lines! With what ingenuity he leaves his mark upon you, so that when you go into the street, every body shall say, "that man has just come out of Papho's." Shade of Lepell! behold the American barber, and shudder in your ghostly apron.

The Frenchman is the only man now living who can call himself an artist in hair. Shaving is a mechanical operation which he looks on with contempt, but which he nevertheless always accomplishes with delicacy and tenderness, treating one's countenance with becoming respect. It is only on the *chevelure* that he cares to display his genius. To what extent he carries the love of his art, you may gather from the following anecdotes:

A BRACE OF ARTISTS.

An Englishman went one day to have his hair dressed in a celebrated coiffeur's in Paris. He entered the shop and seated himself in a chair. Presently a man approached him, and *poseing* before him, seemed to study his features attentively. A Briton does not like to be stared at, even by a hair-dresser, and our friend commenced some national ejaculations, when the physiognomist, without taking any other notice of him, beckoned to an attendant coiffeur, and pointing at the Englishman, said simply, "*à la Virgile*." The man was an artist, that was all. He reserved for himself the duty of studying the features of his customers, and determining what style of *coiffure* would become them. If Bayard Taylor had gone in there, he would have cried out, "*à la Saladin*;" or if Harry Franco had consulted him, "*à la Diogene*."

The celebrated Lepell who died recently in Paris was a marvelous artist in his line. It is related of him that, having arrived at the boudoir of a lady of fashion, whose hair he came to dress, he beheld flowers and ribbons and lace, and all kinds of capillary ornaments, strewed upon the table. He rejected all with disdain; and in a moment of sublime inspiration, he seized a silk stocking that lay on the back of a chair, and dressed the lady's hair with that. The same evening at the ball the happy woman's *coiffure* was the distraction of all her friends. "Where did she get that exquisite fabric which she wore in her hair? What was it?" To baffle discovery, she replied that it was the web of the Tarantella spider, and that she had procured the only specimen in France. The next day the Jardin des Plantes was besieged with inquiries about Tarantella's webs, and works on entomology laboriously consulted, but in vain. Lepell was the only spider who could spin such a fairy-like fabric, and he kept the secret.

The French coiffeur is also remarkable for his versatility. He fences, paints, sings, plays some instrument, and sometimes makes poetry. Witness Jasmin, the Provençal barber, and Dupraz, who is continually addressing females with blonde hair, in the most enamored French verses, in the Sunday newspapers. The great perfection of the French coiffeur is that he never violates nature. He coaxes her into symmetry, but never forces her. He assists, but does not compel. The man whose hair is dressed by such an artist can go forth into the world without a trace of the mechanical process being left on his *chevelure*.

THE MAGIC BREECHES.

I have a friend who is guilty of the offense against American law known as poverty. He is, in consequence, not enabled to dress with that elegance which he would no doubt indulge in were his means less limited. Some months since, it was necessary that he should pay an evening visit to some lady acquaintances, and black trowsers, of which he did not possess an available pair, were indispensable for the occasion. This would have been a difficulty easily remedied had his purse been plethoric, but it was, unfortunately, suffering from a prolonged attack of atrophy. The most that he could command was a few dollars, which were entirely inadequate to the purchase of a new pair of trowsers at even the cheapest ready-made clothing store. In this dilemma he recollected that there was a street in New York, known as Baxter Street, devoted to the sale of second-hand, and, I believe, even third-hand, clothes. Frail trowsers, with concealed weaknesses; delusive waistcoats, faded and wan, but shining with the adventitious lustre of new buttons; coats seemingly healthy, but in reality flushed with only a momentary hectic, which fled at the first brushing; boots gleaming with a hypocritical varnish, beneath which yawned terrible chasms; hats which seemed fabrics of wondrous beauty, but which melted into shapeless masses of pulp in the first shower; shirts which were delicate as the web of Arachne; all these tempt the eye of the cheap dandy, as he passes through Baxter Street.

It was hither my friend proceeded, and after much chaffering he accumulated a pair of nice-looking black trowsers for the small sum of three dollars. He paid his visit in peace, and was well satisfied with his bargain. A few days afterward—it was one of those days in last month which were agreeably diversified with showers—my friend, whom I will call Sycamore, was proceeding down Broadway when he perceived that he was attracting a considerable share of the public attention. At first he flattered himself that it was due to his distinguished figure, but men are not in the habit of admiring each other, and he saw a good many gentlemen stare earnestly at him and then smile. He looked down at his trowsers, and on the left leg a most astonishing phenomenon displayed itself. He beheld the figure of a troubadour, from the waist up, playing a guitar, painted in light yellow, visible on the cloth. He was completely mystified. What could a yellow troubadour be doing on the leg of his trousers? He also recollected, with despair, that they were the only pair he possessed, having given away his former ones on acquiring these in Baxter Street. He hastened home in an agitated frame of mind, and a minute examination of the integuments solved the mystery. He had purchased a pair of trousers of that style which was known some time since as the landscape pattern, in which all sorts of rural and interesting scenes were depicted in various colors. These had been artfully dyed by a Baxter Street merchant a seductive black, which had partially washed out in the first shower.

Poor Sycamore has, since that time, been suffering tortures. Each day develops some new feature in his trowsers. They are like those sympathetic pictures, which, though apparently a sheet of white paper, on being held before the fire develop into beautiful landscapes. The troubadour's legs have now appeared, also the lady in the balcony—who is situated under the left pocket—that the enamored minstrel is serenading. A sweet pastoral picture is gradually revealing itself on the right leg. A shepherd, surrounded by, as yet, a vaguely-defined flock of sheep, pipes his languid notes of peace. Those portions of the garment which are sheltered from the play of the elements, have not yet begun to display their hidden beauties. I confess I await with some curiosity the unfolding of the entire of this peripatetic panorama.

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

COUSIN SARAH'S WEDDING.

Aunt. "So you went to call on the newly-married couple this morning, did you? How was it, a large reception?"

"Oh, yes, a perfect jam; and young Trotter, who was a groomsman, wouldn't let us go when we wished, because he said they were doing all in their power to make a crush, and we mustn't leave them at the crisis. So we had to stay, spite of the dreadful heat."

"Well, how did it go off? How did she look—the charming bride? Beautiful, no doubt; they all do, according to public report; but I must say, in my humble opinion, there's no dress so trying to any mortal woman as a cold white silk. Clear white is another thing altogether; but these heavy moire and brocade things, loaded with trimming and nonsense, are enough to spoil the best complexion, and not calculated to improve a bad one. If the truth's known, I dare say the brides feel it, and that's the reason why they have the rooms darkened and the gas all lighted—so absurd! But, really, if I thought my cheeks could not stand the honest daylight, I wouldn't own it! But what did she wear?"

"Oh! *glacé* silk with lace flounces, and vail to match."

"And a horrid white wreath, I've no doubt, making her face look yellow as a gold dollar, and her eyes as shallow as glass! I do think a bridal wreath the ugliest thing under the sun! You see some with a series of full-blown roses, surrounding the head like so many highly-ornamented turnips! A bride's dress *is* trying, and the situation is trying, and it's a time of trial altogether! But the bridegroom, how was he—stupid, as usual?"

"Oh! he did pretty well; he didn't say much."

"And I dare say he, too, had done his best to disfigure himself with those hideous white cravats, enough to make any man look a scarecrow. The happy man, forsooth! They always look so deplorably foolish, or, rather, sheepish—that's the word, no other will do—that I quite feel for them. The sensible men 'hate the fuss,' and 'don't want to be stared at,' and look foolish because they have to submit to it; and the naturally foolish ones, who like to be looked at in all their glory, put on such an air of intense satisfaction and self-conceit, that it's a moral lesson to contemplate them. Dear me! what fuss and nonsense about a couple of creatures who don't care much for each other to begin with, and won't care in the least a few months hence. After a little while, as I have heard an honest-hearted husband declare to his wife, 'Any one else would do as well as you, my dear!'

"What *does* Sally see in him to like? Nothing, I know, and she knows it too; she simply thought it high time to take a decisive step, as her years were beginning to count, or rather, her friends to count them for her. Silly things you are! not to be happy as Heaven made you. Why, if a husband were absolutely indispensable, do you think you'd have been sent into the world without one? No, marry you must; if not for love or money, from *ennui* and curiosity. But I always take the women of the house as the responsible parties for the confusion and uproar. The men would be quiet enough, under the circumstances, if left to themselves. But the women—the mothers, and aunts, and sisters—it's they who want the excitement, and insist upon having 'a grand wedding;' and the bride has no objection to being the object of every body's attention once in her little life—the flowing vail must be so becoming, she thinks! As to the husband, he's merely an accessory—one that custom makes necessary, but one that we would often gladly do without, if it were at all practicable. It's an excuse for new dresses, you know, all through the family, and for a general upsetting of all things. The bridesmaids do nothing but smile sweetly, and listen gently to what are intended to be smart speeches, about the future occasion when *they* will figure as chief performers—speeches old as the hills, and flat as the meadows below them. And every body says, How charming every body else is! and How interesting the occasion is! and How pleasing to the friends!—and so forth. Much more pleasant, I should say, to pass the time in peace and quietness. Much better, I should say, to have more respect for each other, and less for 'society.'"

"But, Aunt, as we can't be married *every* day, surely we may make a fuss over it when it *does* happen."

"Well, my dear, that's not the proper way of showing the importance of the occasion, in my opinion. Men are more sensible. They really *do* seem to be impressed with the solemnity of the matter. They think about their duties and responsibilities; they get absorbed and embarrassed, and generally buy the ring too large, or else, when it's required, find they have left it at home. Think of a bride now having any thing too large about her! Her gown is an accurate fit, her et cæteras *recherchés*, her wardrobe perfect! She is quite up to her occupation and the necessities of the situation, and thinks a great deal more of receiving her friends gracefully, and looking elegantly icy, than of loving her husband with all her heart. That's not the proper frame of mind for young women to be married in, I think."

"Well, Aunt, I'm sure Frank and I are very fond of each other; we shouldn't do so."

"Fond of each other! And how do you suppose it will be when you have worried one another for a year or two? Yes, child! I see you both plainly. Where's all the devotion and attention of Mr. Frank gone to, I wonder? You get up in the mornings, you dress yourself carefully in a pretty morning-gown, and look fresh and neat, as if you'd only been married a week, and were at a fashionable watering-place. You think you look very nice, and want some one to say so. You cast a glance at the sleeping Titan buried in the blankets, enjoying the *totalité du lit*, as the French call it. You reflect it is fully time for this energetic being to rise, if he means to be down town at the proper hour to combat with the world in general, and his business rivals in particular; so you walk on tiptoe to the bedside, where nothing is visible to you but the blunt end of a nose, and you whisper, in the most insinuating manner, 'Dearest Frank, you'd better get up!'

"A grunt from the depths of the downy pillows.

"You venture to displace the clothing, and murmur still softly, 'It is getting late, dear!'

"A snort is the next answer you receive. You see energy is wanting somewhere, so you draw on your own resources, and exclaim, in a loud, decisive tone, 'Frank, get up, if you mean to have any breakfast this morning!'

"'Eh! eh! What's the matter? Seven o'clock, is it? Well—yes!' Then drowsily, hoping to gain time for another snooze, 'Your—watch—isn't—right;—just—go—down—and—find—out—by—the—parlor—clock,—will—you?'

"The favorite clock is a French affair, probably, and, like some favorite ladies, is more elegant than correct. You obligingly descend, ascertain with chronometrical precision what it says, and returning with your information, are received with the gentlemanly exclamation, 'Don't bother!—leave me alone!'

"'Leave me alone!' There was a time when it was any thing but 'leave me alone!' Well, well! it's human nature, I suppose; for what do I read in the reports of that interesting case in Boston? A witness says, 'Seeing the parties affectionate and familiar with each other, she concluded they were *not* man and wife.' Good Heavens! *Because* they were affectionate, they could not be husband and wife! Strange, indeed!

But the indifference is not all on one side, that's a comfort. If they don't care about us, our attentions need not all be bestowed upon them. I was thinking of this yesterday. Maggie Davies came in dressed in a new silk, and asked me to stroll down Broadway with her. I couldn't help saying, "Why, Margaret, aren't you rather extravagant? another new gown this week!"

"Oh! no; I'm not extravagant. I must be decent, you know. Besides, my husband likes to see me neat!"

"Likes to see you neat! of course." But I had my own doubts whether the husbands are the end and aim of all this expense and trouble. It is for them, of course, that these false hips and charmingly rounded forms are arranged; puffed and padded, and drawn in here, and enlarged there! It could hardly be for the husband, I should have thought, that Maggie's gown was made so symmetrical, inasmuch as the affectionate soul must, by this time, be informed with tolerable accuracy of the true state of the model beneath. There's no deceiving *him*, I should fancy; with every means of the most authentic information at his very fingers' ends, he must know what's what, and which is which. All this time and trouble you take in dressing yourself to promenade, when the good man is ever so far off, deep in a dirty office down town, and knows no more what you are looking like than the man in the moon; it's all for *his* sake, I suppose! It is, of course, out of consideration for *him* that Margaret raises this pretty new gown, as she steps over an imaginary puddle that *I* can't see any where, and displays that dear little ankle of hers to a couple of gossiping policemen at the corner of Tenth Street! She is, of course, acting under this same disinterested impulse, when she is so extra particular in gathering up her skirts and flounces to cross Broadway, though the road is cleaner than the sidewalks, or rather, I should say, is the less dirty of the two. Her forethought is not unrewarded, nor are those pretty gaiters unappreciated; two gentlemen happen to notice her, and one nudges the other to look at her neat foot. She pretends not to observe, but while she addresses some indifferent remark to me, she is really looking at the shadows of the gentlemen to see if they turn to look after her, while her countenance brightens and her eyes sparkle with pleasure—the pleasure of thinking of Mr. Davies, no doubt! She thinks of him again, I dare say, when she calls my attention, so enthusiastically, to "that nice creature, Henry Maxwell," who is hurrying along, "looking so *very* handsome!" and she arranges her vail adroitly, with the thin part over her features, that he may not fail to recognize her in passing. All these little manœuvres and coquetries are practiced for the dear good husband of course, and no one else! Well, if the husbands *are* lazy, and snooze, and snore, you, on your sides, remind me of the old ballad, 'You love your husbands dearly, but some others quite as well!'"

Thereupon my aunt ceases, and we all sit silent, digesting her remarks.

"CURRER BELL" AND HER SISTERS.

"POEMS, by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell." Such was the title of a thin volume issued from the London press early in the year 1846. It excited little remark. One of the critical journals, indeed, gave a few lines to this joint production of the "three brothers." Ellis was characterized as a "fine, quaint spirit," from whom something better was to be hoped; Acton was summarily dismissed; while to Currer was assigned a place midway between the two. The copies sent to the press, and "two pounds" spent in advertising, gained but this faint recognition.

The "three brothers," who had assumed these names, which might belong to either sex, were three sisters—Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, daughters of a clergyman, the incumbent of Haworth. This is a little village, built upon a steep hillside in the cold West Riding of Yorkshire. Parsonage, church, school-house, and grave-yard occupy the summit of the hill up whose side climbs the narrow village street. The parsonage is of gray stone, roofed with heavy tiles, for the winds which sweep over these hills would carry away any lighter covering. A few hardy flowers grow under the windows; none others can live here, where the trees are dwarfed and stunted, and the only crops are pale, hungry, grayish-green oats. The church-yard, filled with the tombs of many generations, almost surrounds the parsonage, filling up the space between it and the church. The horizon on all sides is bounded by a line of bare, wave-like hills, crowned with wild, bleak moors.

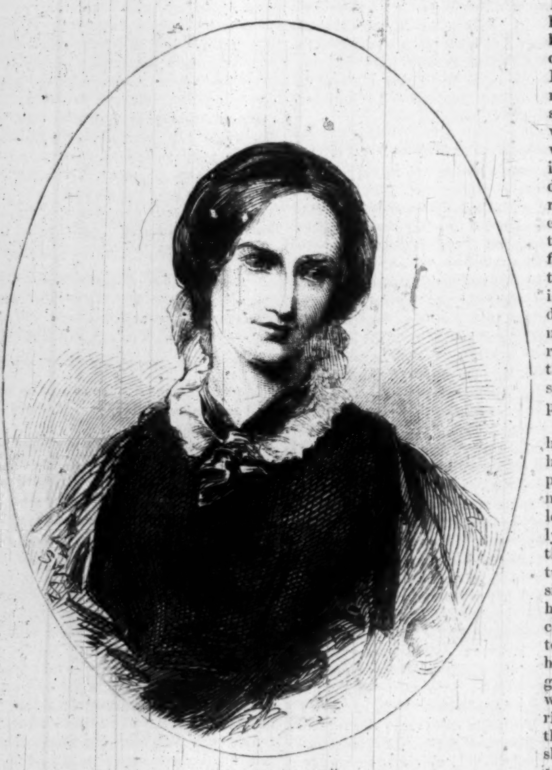
The prevalent sentiment of the scene is one of loneliness and isolation. The genius of the people harmonizes with their residence. They manifest few of the amenities of life. Their accent is harsh and their speech curt, often rude. Their Norse blood seems scarcely tempered by the kindly Saxon or the genial Celtic. "Keep a stone in thy pocket seven year, turn it, and keep it seven year longer, that it may be ever ready to thine hand when thine enemy draws near," is a proverb among them.

Hither, in 1820, the newly-appointed incumbent, Patrick Brontë, brought his family—a feeble wife, and six young children. Of Irish birth, both his virtues and his faults belonged rather to the people among whom he had come than to his own race. He was reserved and passionate; but his anger, like that of the old Vikings, rarely found vent in words. He early gave offense to the discontented laborers, and thinking himself in danger, always kept by him a loaded pistol; by day it was borne upon his person, at night it lay on his table. When angry, he would work off his wrath by firing it off from the parsonage door. He cut into shreds a dress belonging to his wife, because its material displeased him; burned his children's shoes, because they were too fine; refused them meat, in order to make them hardy. Once, in a fit of passion, he caught up the hearth-rug and flung it on the fire, standing grimly by, in spite of the stench, till it was consumed; at another time his wrath found vent in sawing off the backs of the chairs. He took his meals alone, and loved to ramble over the moors, rather than to visit his people. Yet he was not a bad man or an unfaithful pastor. The duties of his office were punctiliously performed; he preached earnestly, catechised the children, and visited the sick when sent for. He was a kind husband, and a loving though not demonstrative father.

The wife died within a few months of their arrival at Haworth, and the six children were left to the care of an elderly maiden aunt and an old servant. They grew up grave and silent beyond their years. In the long summer days they wandered hand-in-hand over the moors, or sat together in their little room, reading whatever came to hand. There were no children's books for them; but they pored over the columns of the newspapers, and invented and acted little plays, of which the "Iron Duke" was the hero. At six years of age, Maria, the eldest, could tell all about the debates in Parliament. They were all the world to each other, for few visitors, save the parish authorities, ever came to the parsonage. When a brother clergyman rode over to Haworth, he never brought his wife and children. There was but a single family with whom the inmates of the parsonage associated, and this intimacy was soon brought to an end by a strange tale of incest and crime.

A sad episode broke the monotony of their childhood. The three elder children were sent away to a half-charity-school, established for the education of the daughters of poor clergymen. Here, for eighty dollars a year, they were fed, clothed, and taught the common branches of education—and humility. All the world knows the tragedy of that school, for it is written in "Jane Eyre." Mr. Brocklehurst, Miss Temple, and Miss Scatcherd of Lowood, are portraits drawn from the school at Cowan's Bridge. Poor Helen Burns, whose fate has dimmed so many eyes with tears, was Maria Brontë. She was borne home to die; her sister Elizabeth soon followed; and Charlotte, now the eldest living daughter, bore all her life long, in heart and body, traces of her sufferings and privations at this school.

As the three surviving daughters grew up they each became for a time governesses—the only career open to the daughters of a poor clergyman. To this they knew that they must come sooner or later. They did it early, partly because it was better "sune than syne," and partly that the small surplus of their father's stipend might be devoted to the advancement of their only brother. At intervals they all returned, often driven by broken health, to their home. Charlotte, meanwhile, had an intense desire to enter upon a career of authorship. She had indeed written voluminously while a mere child. There still remain thousands of pages of manuscript, written before her fifteenth year, in a hand so minute as to be scarcely legible without a magnifying glass. Ignorant of the world, she wrote to Southey for advice, and received a long and kind reply, full of wise advice and suggestions worthy of the generous Laureate. She likewise, at one time, hoped to support herself as an artist, and to qualify herself made laborious copies of engravings, painfully reproducing every line and dot, until compelled to desist by the failure of her eyesight.



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

At length a new project slowly developed itself in the minds of the sisters. They would establish a school of their own, and in order to perfect themselves in French and music, Charlotte and Emily resolved to attend a school on the Continent. They went to Brussels, where Emily remained for a few months, and Charlotte, as pupil and teacher, for nearly two years—two years of almost solitary and most persistent labor. The two sisters clung together, shunning and shunned by the happy, boisterous herd of Flemish girls, who could not sympathize with the sad-looking, awkward English girls, who were too full of earnest thoughts and longings for home to enter into their feelings and pursuits.

Their aunt having, in the mean while, died, leaving to the sisters a few hundred pounds—the savings of a long life—their plans took a new turn. They would open a school in their father's house. Months were spent in contriving and planning, and seeking for pupils, but none were to be obtained.

They soon had reason to congratulate themselves that their efforts had failed. A cloud was slowly gathering over their home, which would render it no fit abode for the young and innocent.

Their brother was a youth of rare natural endowments. He was the village wonder. No feast or merry-making was complete without him. If a chance traveler at the "Black Bull" grew lonely over his solitary bottle, Branwell Brontë, nothing loth, was sent for to share his wine and amuse him by his conversation. With a score of available faculties, he grew up idle, restless, and dissipated. He would become a great painter, and his sisters became governesses to afford him the means of studying at the Royal Academy. He did not go there, but became a clerk, was dismissed from his situation, and returned home to burden his family. At length he procured a situation as tutor in a wealthy family in London. His employer was bed-ridden, with a wife younger than himself, but a score of years the senior of Branwell. He became madly enamored with her. She tempted him, he fell; and a guilty commerce ensued under her own roof. It was detected; he was ignominiously dismissed, and returned home a ruined, desperate man.

Let us look into Haworth parsonage at the close of the year 1846. Charlotte Brontë is thirty years old, her sisters three and six years younger. The father is threescore-and-ten, and almost blind. Branwell is a habitual drunkard, and an opium-eater. His paramour now and then supplies him with money, which is spent in vicious indulgence. He resorts to every mean shift to obtain more from his sisters. Now he is arrested for debt, and they must pay it to release him; they can not see him go to prison.

At length he hears that the husband of his paramour is no more. He loves her madly, and thinks that she returns his passion, for she has before encouraged him to elope with her. He will go to her; they will be married, and then the dark cloud shall be rolled away from his life. A messenger from her summons him to the Black Bull. They are closeted together for a while. The messenger leaves the inn, mounts his horse, and rides away. An hour after a strange noise, like the bleating of a calf, is heard from the room in which the young man has remained. It is opened. He has fallen down in a fit. His paramour has sent him word that he must not come to her, for her husband has left her a large property upon condition that she never again see Branwell Brontë. He is borne home, hopelessly shattered in body and mind. Still he somehow manages to procure brandy. He is repeatedly attacked by delirium tremens. He sleeps in the room of his father, and often swears that one of them shall die before morning. The sisters listen by night, expecting to hear the report of a pistol. In the morning he slinks out. "The poor old man and I have had a sad night of it," he mumbles. "Poor old man; he does his best, but it is all over with me. It's *her* fault—all *her* fault!"

And she—so writes, ten years later, the biographer of Charlotte Brontë—"She goes flaunting about to this day in respectable society, a showy woman for her age, kept afloat by her reputed wealth. I see her name in the county papers as one of those who patronize Christmas balls, and I hear of her in the London drawing-rooms."

The three sisters are in the sitting-room below. The manifold household cares of the day are over. The candles are extinguished for the sake of economy, and by the light of the fire they write, or pace back and forth talking of what they have written. Their volume of poems has been published, with what scanty success we have seen. They are now each engaged on a prose tale. Emily's is that wild book, "Wuthering Heights," so full of tragic power. Anne undertakes, in "Alice Grey," to set forth her own experience of life as a governess. Charlotte is writing a tale called "The Professor," as yet unpublished.

These tales are at length finished, and sent up to London in search of a publisher. Again and again they come back with a refusal, sometimes courteous, sometimes rude, but still a refusal. At length the two former find a publisher willing to undertake them. "The Professor" meets with no favor in any quarter. But Charlotte is not disheartened; a new thought comes to her like an inspiration.

"You are wrong," says she to her sisters, "in making your heroines as a matter of course beautiful."

"They can be made interesting on no other terms," they reply.

"I will show you a heroine," she rejoins, "as plain and small as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours."

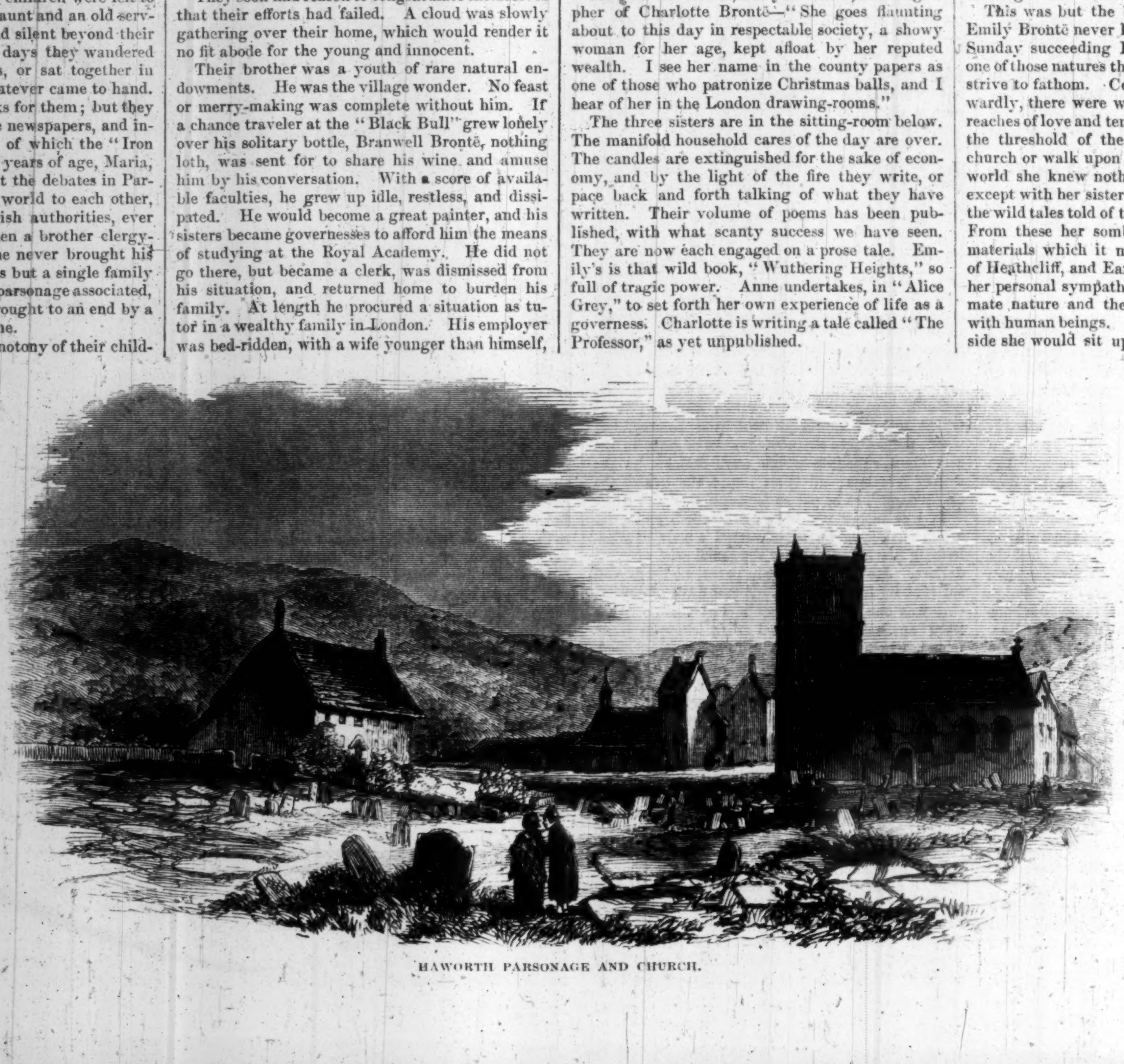
She kept her word, for that heroine is "Jane Eyre." Her own experience at Cowan's Bridge, and the haunting remembrance of her sister, dead for twenty years, furnished her with a starting-point. At first the work advanced slowly, interrupted by manifold cares and failing health. Nor was she always in a mood to write. For weeks and months at times the story stood still. Then on some morning she would awake, and all the progress of the tale lay clear before her, and she writes, by the dim fire-light, far into the night. Still the story moved slowly till she came to Thornfield. Then she was possessed by it. She could not stop. For three weeks she wrote incessantly. By this time she had carried her hero away from Thornfield, and was herself in a fever which forced her to pause.

"Jane Eyre" was completed in August, 1847, and then sent to London to a publisher. There was no failure this time. It was hurried through the press, and was published in October, while "Wuthering Heights" and "Alice Grey" yet lingered. Before the year closed, its wonderful power and originality were recognized, and the world knew that it was the richer by another great name.

A year before Charlotte had written that she was "gray, old, worn, and sunk," had done nothing, and should be able to find neither place nor employment. She now writes, with modest hopefulness, "I am thirty-two. Youth is gone—gone, and will never come back. Sorrow must come some time to every body; and those who scarcely taste it in their youth, often have a more brimming and bitter cup to drain in after life; whereas those who exhaust the dregs early, who drink the lees before the wine, may reasonably hope for more palatable draughts to succeed."

The appreciation awarded to "Jane Eyre," could not be other than a "palatable draught;" but she had by no means drained the bitter cup. The shadows were even then darkening over Haworth parsonage. Branwell Brontë had been failing all summer, but when he died in the early Autumn, his death was sudden and unexpected. Two days before he had been in the village. When he felt his end approaching, he would be raised to his feet. While there was life, he said, the will was strong enough to do what it chose. So it was done; and he fronted the King of Terrors standing. The last two days of his life were marked by the calm of better feelings. He seemed at last to have returned to his right mind. "He is in God's hand," wrote Charlotte, "and the All-Powerful is likewise the All-Merciful. A deep conviction that he rests at last—rests well, after his brief, erring, suffering, feverish life—fills and quiets my mind. Till the last hour comes, we never know how much we can forgive, pity, regret. All his vices were and are nothing now. We remember only his woes."

This was but the beginning of the bitter end. Emily Brontë never left the house alive after the Sunday succeeding Branwell's death. She was one of those natures the mystery of which we vainly strive to fathom. Cold, stern, and impassive outwardly, there were within her divine depths and reaches of love and tenderness. She rarely crossed the threshold of the house, except to go to the church or walk upon the moors. Of the external world she knew nothing. She rarely conversed, except with her sisters; but she eagerly listened to the wild tales told of the wild north country people. From these her sombre imagination gleaned the materials which it moulded into the characters of Heathcliff, and Earnshaw, and Catharine. All her personal sympathies seemed to be with inanimate nature and the brute creation, rather than with human beings. She had a bull-dog, by whose side she would sit upon the rug reading, her arm flung lovingly around his neck. He was a very fierce brute, who would never endure a blow from friend or foe. To strike him was thought to be as much as one's life was worth. For some offense she once seized him by the neck and dragged him down stairs. Her sisters stood by in speechless terror, but dared say nothing, for Emily's whitened face and fixed lip admitted of no interference. She flung the enraged animal into a corner, and, before he could spring at her throat, she attacked him with her bare fists, and "punished" him till his red glaring eyes were so puffed and swollen that he could not see, and he slunk away cowed and half stupefied to his lair, whither she followed him in a swift revulsion of feeling, and tenderly nursed him. In Shirley Keeldar, Charlotte attempted to portray what Emily Brontë might have been, had health and a happier fortune been granted her. It is a loving por-



HAWORTH PARSONAGE AND CHURCH.

traiture. Let us hope it was a true one—true to the inner, if not to the outer life.

She was dying in these later days of 1848. But she uttered no complaint, and would accept no sympathy, or remit none of her accustomed labors. Charlotte and Anne would often drop their work to listen to her failing step and heavy breathing as she climbed the stairs. But they dared not offer to assist her. She would not tell her feelings, see a physician, or take his medicines. No "poisoning doctor," she said, should come near her; she was not ill. One December morning she arose, dressed herself with difficulty, and sat down to her accustomed sewing. The servants saw in her glazing eye and rattling breath that the hand of death was on her. Still she persisted in her work. Noon came, and she could only speak in gasping whispers; she would see a doctor then. But her case was beyond human aid. In two hours she was dead. As the mourners followed her coffin to the grave, they were joined by the dog Keeper. He entered the church with them, remained quietly while the service was read, then went home, and lying down by the chamber door, howled pitifully for many days.

Anne, the best-loved of the family—their "little one"—made haste to follow her sister. She was a gentle and loving spirit, from whom one would have anticipated only soft and genial pictures. But she had been forced to the daily and hourly contemplation of a nature debased and ruined by intemperance. She brooded over the wreck of her lost brother until she became convinced that it was her duty to reproduce it in fiction as a warning and a guidance to others. She loathed and hated her task; but perform it she must, faithfully, honestly, with no attempt at modification or concealment. Now that we know that the character of Huntingdon, in the "Tenant of Wildfell Hall," is a faithful portraiture of Branwell Brontë, with the external incidents only changed; and when we know that it was written while that brother was rushing before her to ruin, we wonder alike at the vigor of the picture, and that so gentle and sensitive a being could have nerved herself to paint it.

From the time of her sister's death, Anne, upon whom consumption had long been seated, rapidly declined. Unlike her sister, she was fully sensible of her condition, cheerfully used every means for recovery, and thankfully received sympathy and assistance. On the 24th of May, in hopes that a milder climate might benefit the invalid, Charlotte Brontë with her sister set out for Scarborough, on the sea-side, which they reached next day. On the 27th she drove on the sands for an hour, and as they parted with the donkey-boy, she urged him not to ill-use his animal. The 27th was Sunday; she longed to visit church; but was dissuaded. She sate at evening looking long and earnestly upon sea and sky. Next morning she rose and performed her own toilet. At noon the mortal agony came on. When told that life was fast ebbing, she received the tidings calmly and serenely. Her last words were, "Take courage, Charlotte, take courage!" Her faith never failed, her eye never dimmed until at two o'clock she passed from the world Here to the world Beyond.

Charlotte had been engaged in writing "Shirley." The work was begun when the family circle was unbroken. When it was finished, Charlotte and her aged father alone remained on earth. The first part written after the task was resumed is that wonderful chapter, "The Valley of the Shadow of Death."

"The Future"—so the chapter begins—"sometimes seems to sob a low warning of the events it is bringing us, like some gathering though yet remote storm, which, in the tones of the wind, in flashings of the firmament, in clouds strangely torn, announces a blast strong to strew the sea with wrecks; or commissioned to bring in fog the yellow taint of pestilence, covering white Western isles with the poisoned exhalations of the East, dimming the lattices of English homes with the breath of Indian plague. At other times this future bursts suddenly as if a rock had rent, and in it a grave had opened whence issues the body of one that slept. Ere you are aware you stand face to face with an unthought-of calamity—a new Lazarus....... Night after night the sweat of agony may burst on the forehead; the supplicant may cry for mercy with that soundless voice the soul utters when its appeal is to the Invisible. 'Spare my beloved!' it may implore. 'Heal my life's life. Rend not from me what long affection entwines with my whole nature. God of Heaven—bend—hear—be clement!' And after this cry and strife the sun may rise and see him worsted."

Thus had she cried in agony and in vain.

The authorship of "Shirley" was avowed, and Miss Brontë was thereby brought into pleasant relations with the prominent literary celebrities of the day. But her altered fortunes came too late to undo the work of long years of trial and despondency. Her health was irretrievably broken, her nervous system was shattered, and she could hardly summon courage to encounter strange faces. She could under no circumstances have become a voluminous writer. She was too great an artist in words to compose rapidly; and, besides, her secluded way of life had not allowed her to accumulate a great stock of observation. One more work and her task was done. "Villette" was published in 1852. The groundwork of the story was furnished by her life at the *pensionnat* in Brussels. The ending of this tale has puzzled many. Was Paul Emanuel lost at sea, or was he saved to marry Lucy Snowe? Among those who wrote to ask this question of the writer was the author of "John Halifax." The truth is, that the idea of the loss of Paul was so firmly fixed in her mind that it assumed the force of a real fact, which she must not disguise or alter. But her father urged her to make her hero and heroine, like those of fairy tales, marry and live happily ever after. She could do no more, in compliance with this request, than to vail their fate in ambiguous words, leaving it to each reader to interpret the meaning at will. Her own reading was that no bright future of love lay before Lucy Snowe. Was not this prophetic of her own fate?

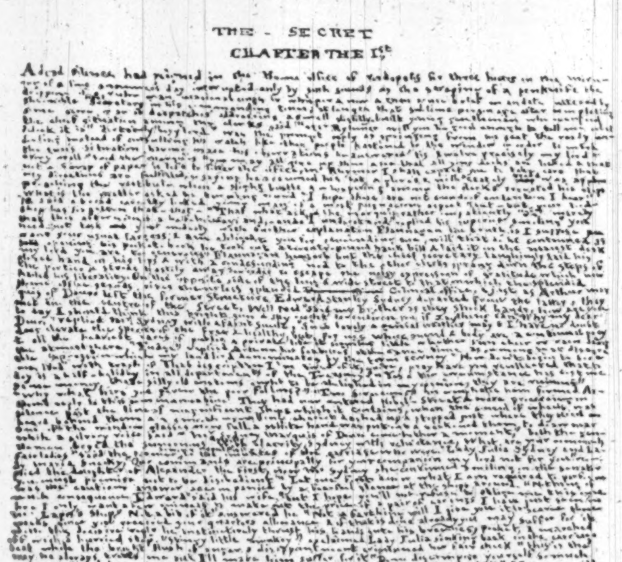
All her life long she was haunted by an exaggerated feeling of her own want of personal attractions. She was indeed of diminutive stature. "Stunted" was the word which she applied to herself, with perhaps a bitter remembrance of her privations at "Lowood." But so justly were head and limbs proportioned to her fragile figure, that no word expressive of deformity could be properly applied to her. She was indeed painfully near-sighted, so that she could not read a book unless it was held almost in contact with her face; hence doubtless arose some awkwardness of movement. But her thick, brown hair, and large expressive eyes, glowing as if some spiritual lamp illuminated them from within, caused the large nose and crooked mouth to be forgotten. The whole face, with its expression of power and individuality, arrested the attention and attracted all whom she would have wished to attract. Her hands and feet were exquisitely small, and the delicate long fingers were endowed with a peculiar fineness of sensation. In personal attire she was remarkably neat, and was specially dainty as to the fit of her gloves and shoes.

At all events, her personal plainness was not such as to prevent her from receiving offers of marriage. A young Irish clergyman who chanced to visit her father was so struck with her fascinations that, after having passed a single evening in her company, he made her an offer of his hand and heart. A second and a third offer of marriage were received and declined. For this third suitor she felt, as she said, friendship, gratitude, and esteem; but the moment he came near, and she could see his eyes fastened on her, her veins ran ice. When he was away, she thought kindly of him; but when close by she grew rigid, stiffening with a strange mixture of apprehension and anger which nothing softened but his retreat. She also inspired a profound passion in the mind of her father's curate, Arthur Nichols.—He was a grave, reserved, conscientious man, filled with a profound sense of religion, and of his duties as its minister. To him the author of "Jane Eyre," as such, was nothing; but he had seen her in all the relations of life, had watched her in silence, and had loved her for years before he declared his love. She had evidently, unconsciously to herself, returned his affection; but her father was hostile to her marrying, and she declined the offer. A year passed, and the old man's feelings began to alter, the offer was renewed and accepted, and on the 29th of June, 1854, Charlotte Brontë, at the age of thirty-eight, became a wife.

A few months of calm and tranquil happiness—perhaps the only such season that she had ever known—ensued. Friends who knew and loved her caught occasional glimpses of the brightness of her home, and said, "After a hard and long struggle she is tasting happiness now." They thought that some slight astringencies of character would turn to ripened sweetness in the sunshine of domestic peace, and fondly hoped for her many years of earthly gladness.

But *Dis aliter visum*. Late in November she caught a severe cold, which lingered about her and made her thin and weak. It grew worse as winter advanced. Nausea and perpetual faintness supervened, till she loathed the very sight of food. A wren would have starved on what she ate during six weeks. They attempted to cheer her by the thought of the new life which she bore under her heart. "I dare say I shall be happy sometime," she would reply; "but I am so ill—so weary." Then she took to her bed, too weak to sit up. Long days and nights of constant pain, borne with patient trust, followed. Then she became delirious, and begged wildly for food and stimulants. But it was too late. Only once she awakened from her stupor, and was aware of her husband bending in agony over her, and murmuring prayers for her recovery. "Oh," she whispered, "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us; we have been so happy." But her earthly days were numbered, and on the last day of March, 1855, passing from that gray old parsonage amidst the wild moors, she entered the glories of the celestial city. On Easter Sunday, all that was mortal of Currer Bell was committed to dust, "in the sure hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The childless father—an old man of more than fourscore—still for a brief space remains in the old parsonage, begirt by the grave-yard in which have been laid all save himself of that household band who had come thither a full generation before.

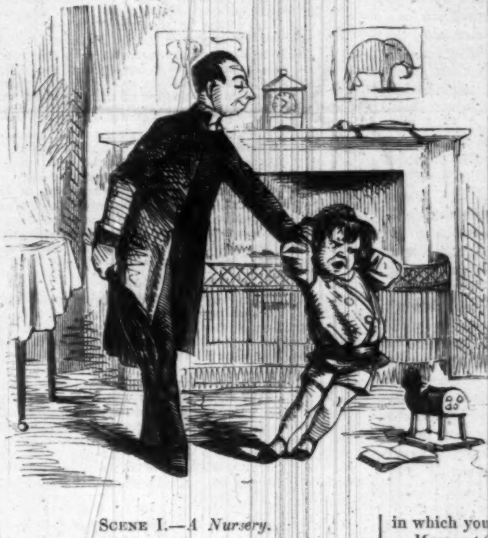

THE - SECRET
CHAPTER THE 1st

FAC-SIMILE OF EARLY MS. OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

TWO LIFE-DRAMAS.

An advertisement in the *Daily News*, early in this current April, had the good fortune to attract the eye of *Mr. Punch*. The advertiser set forth that parents or guardians, troubled with the care of Unruly Children, could not do better than obtain the advice and assistance of Himself, a married clergyman, possessed of singular fascinating power over young people between the ages of six and twenty.

Mr. Punch has been thinking ever since about the curious interviews which this gentleman, should he be engaged by the parties he addresses, will have with the rising generation. A couple of these ideas have taken the form of *Imaginary Conversations*, and here they are:



SCENE I.—*A Nursery.*

The MARRIED CLERGYMAN *is hastily inducted by* MAMMA, *who fears to remain a moment lest her resolution should give way.*

Mamma. *That's* the bad boy, Sir, eight years old on the 11th of July, and (*with marked intention, for her son's benefit*) I heartily hope you will bring him to a sense of his conduct. [*Exit.*

[MARRIED CLERGYMAN *smiles blandly, and locks the door—a proceeding which gives evident dissatisfaction to* YOUNG SULKY.

Married Clergyman (*taking a seat*). And what is your name, my boy?

Young Sulky (*after a pause*). JACK.

Married Clergyman. A very pretty name; and JACK, you ought to be very thankful to kind Providence and to your kind friends for giving you such a pretty name, when many little boys run about the street with scarcely a name to their backs. Can you read, JACK?

Young Sulky (*curtly*). Yes, but shan't.

Married Clergyman. Ah! Come here, JACK.

Young Sulky. Shan't.

Married Clergyman. Ah!

[*Smiles kindly, and produces a well-made birch rod.*

Young Sulky (*angrily and frightened*). I'll tell my Mar!

[YOUNG SULKY *rushes at the door, but the* MARRIED CLERGYMAN *dexterously intercepts him, and after a few preliminary arrangements, a howling follows, which* MAMMA, *listening at the door, can scarcely misinterpret.*

Married Clergyman (*kindly*). JACK, my dear, get that book from the table, and bring it here.

[JACK *complies, and at the further demand of his friend, reads a page exceedingly well.*

Married Clergyman. Very well, indeed, JACK. You read excellently, and are a very good boy, very good. I don't think I need come and hear you read again; but at any time that you would like to see me, you have only to be rude, or idle, or vulgar, and I will come with pleasure. Pick up those broken bits of birch, and put them in the fire, and then we will see MAMMA.

[*The* MARRIED CLERGYMAN *pockets the rod, and unlocks the door, having judiciously fumbled with the lock to give* MAMMA *time to retreat, and to be coming along the passage.*

Married Clergyman. My dear Madam, our young friend, JOHN, quite appreciates our feelings toward him, and has promised me to show himself worthy your affection. He reads exceedingly well, and *there is my address*, which you can *ask him to read* whenever you see fit. No, no refreshment, thank you. Good-by, my dear JOHN, and may you prosper. Look straight before you, but do not forget what is behind—that is true wisdom. [*Exit, as* JACK *is taken to the maternal bosom.*

In singular contrast to the above is—

SCENE II.—*A Drawing Room.*

The MARRIED CLERGYMAN *is introduced by an* AUNT *to a remarkably pretty girl of nineteen years of age.*

Aunt. This is MISS OBSTINATE, Sir, and I only hope that you may be able to break down her wicked and unconverted nature, and show her what a miserable sinner she is. [*Exit.*

Married Clergyman (*laughing*). Now, MARGARET, when are you going to meet him?

Margaret (*coloring up with great speed, and indignantly*). Meet who, Sir?

Married Clergyman. Say whom, next time, it is better English, MADGE. When is it?

Margaret. I am sure I don't know what you mean, Sir.

Married Clergyman. Pooh, pooh, MEGGUMS, don't get upon the stilts with me. (*Draws back his foot, under which, on taking his seat, he neatly concealed a note that had fallen from* MARGARET'S *pocket.*) Do you think I don't know all about it? (*Takes up note and reads.*) "—— moon shone sweetly down upon your glittering curls, and you looked like a seraph in a fountain"—a profane blockhead!

Margaret. Oh, Sir, you have got my note. Please give it me.

Married Clergyman. I want to show it to your Aunt, MEG.

Margaret. I'm sure you would not do such an unkind and ungentlemanly thing, Sir. Pray, give it me.

Married Clergyman. If I do, will you listen to what I say, like a sensible girl?

Margaret. Yes, I will.

Married Clergyman. I'll trust you. There's the note. (*Gives it.*) But don't have any thing more to say to the writer. He only wants your money.

Margaret. I am sure he does not. He is a gentleman to the heart.

Married Clergyman. Gentlemen to the heart don't begin effulgence with an i, or leave out one f. He's a snob, I tell you.

Margaret. He's in the Artillery, Sir.

Married Clergyman. All the Artillery spell. He's in the Artillery Company, perhaps, and an aristocratic-looking girl like you should as soon think of a policeman. You remind me, singularly, of my beautiful friend MISS SMITH, only your hair is darker than hers. She, you know, was the belle of last season, and won every heart by her smile, in which you curiously resemble her.

Margaret (*looks in the glass*). I am too *petite*.

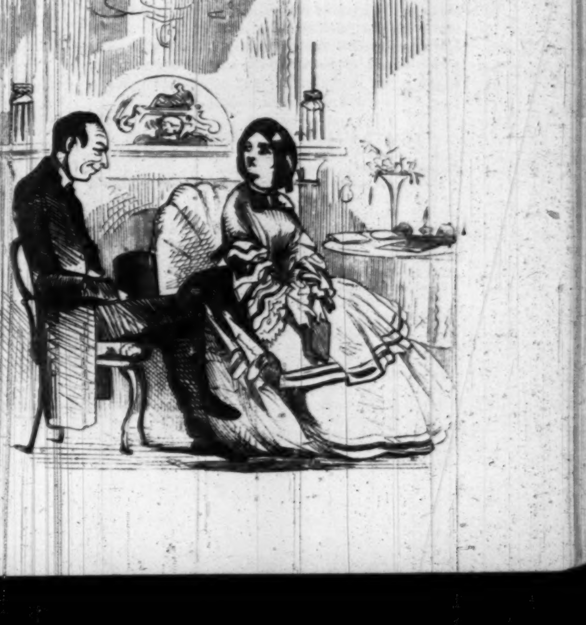
Married Clergyman. Exactly the right height. Do you like balls?

Margaret. What should I answer to a clergyman?

Married Clergyman. The truth, my dear young lady.

Margaret. I adore them.

Married Clergyman. Don't say adore—the word is wrong, whatever the meaning may be—I can get you tickets for the Caledonian Ball next week—they tell me three or four young gentlemen have wagered that they leave the ball-room engaged



men that night—silly fellows—would your Aunt take you?

Margaret. Oh, she *shall.*

Married Clergyman. Be dutiful, dear. Well, but conditionally, mind. The tickets are given only to first-class people—you mix yourself up with the Artillery Company, people who can't spell—if I promise tickets to the Caledonian, will you drop this person? Consider what an entanglement to be hampered with if, as is most likely, you make a sensation at the ball.

Margaret. There is no entanglement, Sir.

Married Clergyman. Oh, yes—he sees you are an inexperienced girl, or would not have written that note, which, even as a Clergyman, I must call insulting.

Margaret. Do you really think so, Sir?

[*The catastrophe is easily imagined, and when* Aunt *comes back to say lunch,* Margaret *kisses her, and the* Married Clergyman *remarks—*

I trust, dear lady, that with the blessing of Providence, our darling Margarite will be a blessing to you. (*To* Margaret.) The tickets shall be safe—give me that note.

[*He takes the note, and that night it is returned to the Artillery Companion with an intimation that kicking will follow the sending another. So he does not send another.*

And thus two Unruly Children are quelled by the fascinations of the Married Clergyman.

LITERARY.

A Text-Book of Church History, *by Dr. John C. L. Gieseler.* Translated *by Dr. Samuel Davidson,* revised and edited *by Professor Henry B. Smith,* of the Union Theological Seminary. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have condensed the title of this work, which is, of course, well known to scholars. It is an able, thorough, and complete history. It deals in no fancies, but gives simple facts, with line and page of authority. As a mere compendium, it is without an equal; as a digest of authorities, it is perfect; and as a Church History, it is not to be compared with any extant.

It can hardly be necessary to remind general readers that a history of the Christian Church is a history of civilization—as, indeed, it is of the world. Some men there are who vainly endeavor to shut their eyes to the great truth that the grand moving power of the world's progress for two thousand years is the Christian religion, and these would find what they style the philosophy of progress in what they ignorantly call philosophy. In no day has rationalism more boldly denied the credit due to the Church than in this. A glance over two thousand years is enough to overthrow their philosophic theories. Three hundred years after the despised Nazarene was crucified for calling himself King of the Jews, the Roman nation knelt at his sepulchre, and groped in the earth around it to find the nails on which he hung, wherewith to make a crown for the Emperor of the world. From that day to this the Cross has been the standard of light, learning, science, art, and all that ennobles and elevates man. The history of the Church is the history of the advance of knowledge, of the development of taste, the culture of the beautiful, the elevation of the intellect, the assimilation of the soul to its Creator's original design. Nor is there any subject of study more deeply interesting to laymen or clergymen than this.

It is not saying too much for Dr. Gieseler's work—so ably edited by Professor Smith—to declare it the best extant in this respect, that it enables the student to compare the advance of the Church with the changes in the political condition of the world; while its innumerable references, citations of authorities, and elaborate extracts and quotations from authors inaccessible to most persons, render it, as a text and reference-book, necessary to every clergyman's library, and the indispensable companion of the theological student.

The Testimony of the Rocks. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Hugh Miller's last work—on the proof-sheets of which he was engaged a few hours before he met his melancholy end—is a monument of the man, bearing on its face a full and just sketch of his character and creed. It is remarkable that so few men who devote themselves to this youngest of the sciences are content to believe that they are but scholars still, and not masters. The one class runs mad with skepticism, and another almost as mad with the endeavor to distort nature into forced coincidences with and confirmation of their own interpretations of revelation. The Old Red Sandstone author was a stern, strong rock, withstanding the blows of infidelity which endeavored to use geology as its great weapon. The bold defender of truth became enthusiastic; and in this book we find occasionally the evidence of that excitement which is not consistent with calm reason. But, in the main, it is a safe, clear, and noble vindication of the truth of natural science.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

Leavitt & Allen.

A Commentary on the Gospels of Matthew and Mark. By John J. Owen, D.D. 12mo, $1.

G. P. Putnam & Co.

Young America Abroad: Letters of an American Merchant. By George Francis Train, of Boston. 12mo, $1 25.

John Bartlett.

Lessons on Morals and Christian Evidences. By Richard Whately, D.D., LL.D., with Questions. 16mo, 75 cents.

M. W. Dodd.

Marriage as it Is, and as it Should Be. By Rev. John Bayley. 16mo, 75 cents.

Miller & Co.

The Englishman in Kansas. By T. H. Gladstone, Esq. 12mo, 75 cents.

C. M. Saxton & Co.

A Practical Treatise on the Construction, Heating, and Ventilation of Hot-houses. By Robert B. Leuchars, Garden Architect. 12mo, $1 25.

Shephard, Clark, & Brown.

The Mechanic's Bride. By W. G. Cambridge. 12mo, $1.

BOSTON.

Little, Brown, & Co.

English and Scotch Ballads. Selected and Edited by Francis James Childs. 4 vols, 16mo.

Ticknor & Fields.

Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical. By Mrs. Jameson. 32mo, 75 cents.

PHILADELPHIA.

H. Cowperthwaite & Co.

Universal Biographical Dictionary. By Rev. John L. Blake, D.D. 8vo, $5.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TREATY.

Lord Napier had a formal interview with the President on 6th inst., which lasted nearly two hours, in reference to the Dallas-Clarendon Treaty. He read Lord Clarendon's dispatch to him on the subject. That dispatch sets forth that the exclusive ground for rejecting the treaty, by the British Government, is the non-confirmation of the Convention between Honduras and Great Britain. All the other amendments made by the Senate, except that qualifying the article in regard to Honduras, were accepted in their entirety and without reservation by the British Cabinet. There is, therefore, no misunderstanding as to the alleged or real point of difficulty.

Lord Napier endeavored, with much earnestness, to impress the President with the belief that no other than friendly feelings were entertained toward the Administration or the country by the Ministry, and cited expressions from Lord Clarendon's dispatch as justifying this language. In conclusion, he proposed to institute a new negotiation, founded upon the conditional acquiescence of Honduras. This suggestion was promptly declined by the President.

THE FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A newspaper usually well informed on matters of political gossip states that all the gentlemen who are anxious to succeed Mr. Belmont at the Hague hail from New York. Their names, according to this Administration organ, are Messrs. John B. Miller, of Utica (a brother-in-law of ex-Governor Seymour, we believe), J. Romeyn Brodhead (who desires to be rotated after the new fashion from the post of naval officer at New York), the Hon. Henry C. Murphy, of Brooklyn (a member of Congress some years ago), and William C. McMurray, of New York City (formerly a New York State Senator).

The post filled by Mr. Fay in Switzerland for the last twenty-one years is also much sought for. Among the known contestants is General Wright, of Hoboken, New Jersey, who makes a very effective stump speech, sings a capital song, and is pronounced the New Jersey democratic dray-horse. On the same list are Mr. John Cotton Smith, of Connecticut; Mr. Wiggin, of Maine; and Mr. William Miller, of Pennsylvania.

Colonel J. A. Thomas, of New York, late Assistant Secretary of State, is said to be an applicant for the mission to Brussels, the incumbent, Peter D. Vroom, of New Jersey, having signified his determination to return to the United States as soon as the Administration can relieve him.

Colonel Pickens and Governor Aiken, both of South Carolina, are still spoken of for the mission to the Court of St. James.

A well-informed correspondent from Washington says: "It is rumored among well-informed persons that Mr. Belmont, our Minister at the Hague, who, under the last Administration, managed affairs there to his own immense profit and to the satisfaction of his benefactors, the Rothschilds, has written to Messrs. Buchanan, Slidell & Co., claiming urgently the nomination to the Court of Spain. Besides his claims as having been one of the signers of the Ostend Manifesto, and having disbursed large sums to secure the election of the President, the immense interests of the house of the Rothschilds in Spain urgently demand to be superintended by some one of skill and trust. The Rothschilds lease from the Government the mines of Almaden, the greatest quicksilver works in the world. They are also interested in railroads, besides which the growing influence of their Parisian concurrent, the financier Mirès, who has made the last loan to the Spanish Government, requires to be overseen and counteracted. This can be done in the most successful manner when their agent shall bear a high diplomatic character united with that of a broker. Mr. Belmont and the United States will fully answer for this purpose.

OFFICE BEGGARS.

A Washington correspondent thus describes the rush for office: "The office-seekers are still in force here, in expectation, I suppose, of the foreign appointments, and their attentions to Mr. Buchanan must be very harassing. There were some thirty in his ante-room this morning, waiting for an audience; and, when they were admitted, it was curious to watch their proceedings, and the persistence of some of them was really amusing. One individual wanted a small country post-office, and Mr. Buchanan politely referred him to the department. But the individual was not so easily dismissed, and he forthwith commenced a prepared philippic on the incumbent of the petty office. 'He is in coalition with the freesoilers,' he ran on, 'and he abused the successful candidate for the Presidency.' 'Ah, my dear Sir,' replied old Buck, with that amiable cock of his eye, 'we will not go into that now.' During the reception an old Lancaster acquaintance bustled up to Mr. Buchanan. 'Don't you want an office?' said the amiable President. 'No, Sir,' was the emphatic reply. 'I thought you did not,' rejoined the President; 'you look fat and contented.' It is really a pleasure to witness the amiability, the genial humor, and the charming simplicity with which Mr. Buchanan treats his visitors, although it seems he can scarcely forbear an allusion now and then to the miserable vocation of office-begging."

FRACAS AMONG POLITICIANS.

A difficulty took place on the 6th inst. at Willard's Hotel, Washington, between J. M'Leod Murphy and Daniel E. Sickles. Mr. Murphy addressed a note to Mr. Sickles, accusing him of assailing his private character by unjust imputations in his (Sickles's) efforts to effect his removal as Civil-Engineer of the Brooklyn navy-yard. Mr. Sickles replied that the note was only a vague and unmeaning menace, and, as such, he had already taken too much notice of it, Mr. Murphy not giving his author and the particulars of the allegation. Mr. Murphy then sent Major Watkins to see Mr. Sickles, when the latter demanded the name of the informant on whose statement Mr. Murphy based his charge, and denied the right to be interrogated on rumor. Mr. Murphy, considering Mr. Sickles's note insulting, sent a challenge through Mr. Watkins. In his reply, Mr. Sickles said he had not used language which cast an imputation on Mr. Murphy's honor, and that there was, therefore, no ground on which he could demand an explanation or a hostile meeting. Here the correspondence rests. Next morning Mr. Murphy obtained admission to the chamber where Mr. Sickles was in bed, and attempted to cowhide him, when a struggle ensued, and Mr. Sickles obtained possession of the weapon. He bears the mark of a blow with the hand on his face.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Ex-President Pierce, who has been staying for a month or so at the La Pierre House, in Philadelphia, has become the guest of Pierce Butler, Esq. On the 5th he was called out by a complimentary visit of Democrats elated by their municipal victory. In reply to General Patterson, the spokesman of the crowd, the Ex-President made a short speech. Mrs. Pierce's health is much improved.

Ninety-six thousand dollars have been subscribed in Vicksburg toward purchasing a plantation for Ex-President Pierce. The sum asked for the property is $100,000, leaving $4000 yet to be subscribed in order to complete the purchase.

The Hon. Edward Everett, while on a visit to a school at Chicago, stumbled as he was coming out of the house, and fell forward upon his face, receiving a severe cut on his upper lip and bruising his head badly. His injuries are not serious, however. On the 1st instant he lectured at Detroit. His next lecture was to be delivered in Cincinnati.

Commodore Stewart is now in Washington, and has been in attendance at one of the Naval Courts of Inquiry. He is in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

The New Granada papers are in bad humor with our people. It is said that Hon. J. E. Morse was most infamously blackguarded by the press at Bogota, because he went to see the President on a very warm day in a Panama hat, and because he would buy and eat fruit in the market, and would carry little purchases to his house himself, instead of having them sent home. A few days ago Mr. Morse and a few of the residents of Aspinwall, while on a sailing excursion, were caught by a squall and upset, and with great difficulty were saved; this circumstance even afforded opportunity for a slurrish notice from one of the Isthmus Spanish papers.

Governor Robinson proceeded to Lecompton on the 2d inst., to await his trial under the indictment against him for treason. His bail—$10,000—expired on the first Monday in April, at which time the Court was not in session.

General B. F. Stringfellow has left Weston, Missouri, and has taken up his residence at St. Joseph.

General Lane is not remarried, but is a compromising speculator, and has dined with Dr. Stringfellow. Another item to be remembered is, that General Pomeroy recently slept twelve nights with General Stringfellow.

Hon. W. L. Dewart, member of Congress elect from the Ninth district, Pennsylvania, arrived in Washington on Monday. Mr. Dewart has been prostrated for several weeks from sickness contracted at the National Hotel during the early part of March; but he is rapidly recovering his former vigorous health.

It is said that the fair and accomplished author of the drama of "The World's Own," has started on a journey to Kansas, a field already celebrated in her writings, and which, we dare say, will yet furnish some suggestive materials for her muse.

Gottschalk has fallen upon pleasant times in Havana. The Captain-General gave an entertainment in his honor, at which distinguished guests were present, and the populace, eager to do the great young pianist a service, unharnessed his horses and drew his carriage through the streets. The concerts have been attended with immense audiences, and the receipts were handsome. M. Gottschalk will make a tour in the Southern States before returning to the North.

Mr. Marsh of Boston, graduate of the Hartford Deaf and Dumb Asylum, himself a deaf mute, cabinet-maker by trade, with no remarkable attainments in other respects, has made himself familiar with the Scripture to a remarkable degree, and is now conducting in the sign language a Sunday Bible-class which numbers forty members.

Widow Hardwood, in Bradford, Vermont, heard a robber descending her chimney the other night. He stuck fast about half-way, whereupon the old lady promptly heaped straw in the fire-place and lighted it. The robber, half-suffocated, roared. Persons were collected by his cries; he was drawn up with ropes to the top of the chimney, more dead than alive, and sent to the mercies of the law.

A man named Aaron Bedbug, of Montgomery County, Kentucky, intends petitioning the Legislature to change his name. He says that his sweetheart, whose name is Olivia, is unwilling that he should be called A. Bedbug, she O. Bedbug, and the little ones Little Bedbugs.

Rev. W. W. Scudder, one of the oldest of the East India missionaries, sailed some time since from Arcot to visit the United States, bringing his infant daughter. A letter has been received from him, dated St. Helena, which states that he is detained there in consequence of the untimely death of his daughter.

The reason why the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown has abandoned the pastoral charge of her church in South Butler in this State, is said to be owing, not to the diminution, but to the increase of her flock. In her maternal capacity as Mrs. Blackwell, she has been rejoiced by the birth of a lambkin, which requires her exclusive attention.

President Buchanan and several members of his Cabinet are to go to Boston on the approaching 17th of June, to participate in the inauguration of the statue of General Warren on Bunker Hill. General Scott is likewise to be present.

Edward S. Bartholomew, of Hartford, is now engaged upon a statue of General Washington, intended to fill a niche in a costly structure in Baltimore. Bartholomew is to have $2000 for his pains. The clay model is already prepared, and in six months from this time the enduring marble will perpetuate the sculptor's idea of Washington. The statue is seven and a half feet high.

On the 21st ult., a wedding party in North Brookfield, Massachusetts, having arrived within half a mile of the house of the bride, were blocked in by the snow, and it required the laborious services of *eight men for an hour* before the banks were so shoveled away as to admit of a passage.

Rev. Dr. M'Clintock and Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher, sailed for Europe, on the 9th inst., in the *Ericsson.* Dr. M'Clintock goes to England as Delegate from the General Conference of the Methodist Church in this country to the Wesleyan Conference of Great Britain.

Rev. Bishop Simpson, also Delegate to the British Wesleyan Conference, sailed for Europe, on the 13th inst., in the *Africa.*

THE BURDELL MURDER TRIAL.

This *cause célèbre,* of the commencement of which we gave some account last week, has at length been brought to a close. The speech of the District Attorney on opening the case was severe on Mrs. Cunningham, and promised the adduction of evidence that would bring guilt home to her.

THE EVIDENCE.

The first witness called was Dr. Francis, who described minutely the position and character of the fifteen wounds found on the body of Dr. Burdell, and also the mark of a ligature around his neck. The mark, when he saw the body (which was on the morning after the murder) was distinct on the front and on either side, and disappeared altogether before reaching the posterior part of the neck. This gave him the impression that the ligature had been applied from behind and that the neck had been drawn backward. It had been said that the wound under the arm must have been inflicted by a left-handed person. Such had been the doctor's impression at first, but reflection had brought him to doubt the propriety of relying upon such an opinion. Hannah Conlan, the next witness, testified to her residence in the house of Mrs. Cunningham, and to the circumstances of interest in the case, before and after the murder, the same as when she was before the Coroner's Jury. While testifying concerning the unpleasant relations existing between Dr. Burdell and Mrs. Cunningham, she added, what she said she did not recollect at that time, and that was that after the lady who came to hire the house had retired, Mrs. Cunningham came to the kitchen and asked what the lady's business was. Hannah told her Dr. Burdell was going to let the house to her, when Mrs. Cunningham said the doctor might not live to rent the house or sign the papers. Mrs. Stansbury, John J. Burchell, Mary Donahoe, and Dr. Mayne, testified substantially the same as when before the Coroner's Jury.

Probably the most important of what was received from the witnesses for the prosecution, was that elicited on the cross-examination of Dr. Uhl. The doctor's impression appears to be that the wounds were inflicted by a tall person, having a considerable amount of anatomical knowledge. The situations in which blood was found—in the doctor's room, on the stairway wall, on the hall floor, on the hall basement floor, on the hinge side of the basement front door, and again on the door of the main entrance—appeared to indicate that the person who committed the deed had passed out of the room, down the stairs to the main floor; then turned and passed down into the basement hall, tried to find the knob of the front basement door, and failing, had returned and passed out of the main door into the street. Dr. Carnochan, called for the defense, agreed with Dr. Uhl in all that pertained to the manner in which the deed was done. His theory was the same.

There was considerable testimony elicited on the cross-examinations, bearing upon the impression that the wounds were inflicted by a left-handed person, and that Mrs. Cunningham was a left-handed woman. The medical witnesses gave no decided opinion as to what hand was used by the person who committed the deed, and witnesses familiar with Mrs. Cunningham had failed to notice any unusual use of her left hand. A model of the house, and drawings in oil of the room in which the body was found, were brought into court, and found valuable aids to a correct understanding of a portion of the evidence.

The reason why Eckel left the house at an earlier hour than usual on the morning after the murder, was explained by a merchant, who said he met him on business, at 8 o'clock, in accordance with a request left by the witness at Eckel's residence on the previous night. The odor noticed by Dr. Parmly and others in Bond Street, on the night of the murder, was accounted for by a witness living in a house near the doctor's residence, who said that on that night he had burned leather and woolen cloth in a room in which he was trying chemical experiments.

It was shown for the defense that Mrs. Cunningham was weak in the arms in consequence of rheumatism; and her family were examined as to her general behavior toward the doctor. After speeches from counsel and the Judge's charge, the case was given to the jury, who, after half an hour's deliberation, brought in a verdict of not guilty. Eckel was discharged upon his own recognizance for $5000.

THE KANSAS ELECTION.

The Free State leaders in Lawrence have addressed a letter to Secretary Stanton, offering to vote at the coming election if certain conditions be complied with. Secretary Stanton has replied in a very stringent letter, declining to go behind the law. Respecting the Judges of Election, Secretary Stanton hopes there will be appointed one Republican, one Democrat in favor of a free State, and one Democrat in favor of a slave State.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

Governor Holley, the new Governor of Connecticut, has commenced his official term with a long and able message. Among other things he suggests that the legislation of the few last years has been eminently acceptable to a large majority of the citizens, and that few additional enactments will be needed at the present session. Indeed, he thinks that the Constitution may be advantageously amended so as to dispense with sessions oftener than once in two years—a practice recently adopted by quite a number of States. He recommends, also, a conformity to the prevailing practice, by substituting winter for summer sessions. The Governor suggests that legislation may be needed to give effect to the recent constitutional amendment which requires that all voters should be able to read; and also an amendment to the Constitution imposing upon newly-naturalized persons a period of residence before they are allowed to vote. The message rather suggests than positively states that notwithstanding the amount of the school fund, Connecticut has rather fallen behind some other of the States as to the matter of education—a state of things which calls for a remedy. The Governor puts in a word in favor of a proposed school for idiots and the other benevolent institutions of the State, but suggests that the State Reform School needs looking after. The state of the treasury is such as to require caution in all expenditures. Attention is called to a recent judicial decision to the effect that negroes have no rights which white men are bound to respect, in consequence of which some legislative action may be needed, sufficient at least to secure this class of persons from becoming outcasts from society.

MR. CHOATE TO GO TO CHINA.

Mr. Choate writes a hand which has been compared to the autograph of a seventeen-legged spider just crawled out of an inkstand. An exchange says: "We are informed that Hon. Rufus Choate will be sent to China—not, however, by the Government as Minister Plenipotentiary, but that he has been engaged, at a large salary, to go out to Canton, where he will be employed *in lettering tea-chests!* It is said that his peculiar style of chirography will enable him to put on those interesting hieroglyphics at a much cheaper rate than the Chinese painters can do it."

SPIRITUALISM AT BOSTON.

On the 4th inst., says the correspondent of a daily paper, a Spiritualist session was held at a private house up town, with Hume and Willis, the Cambridge student, for mediums. Some of the editors of the *Traveller* and *Journal,* and other gentlemen of the press, were present by invitation. The whole company numbered fourteen. The room in which the party assembled was lighted by gas, and every opportunity was afforded for investigation. The usual feats of moving tables and pianos were performed in the most successful manner in full gaslight, with a sharp-eyed, skeptical gentleman under the table, and half a dozen others closely watching the mediums, whose feet also were held. The table moved was a heavy extension-table about ten feet long, and on it, part of the time, was the added weight of an editor, whose plump condition does credit to the prosperity of the profession in Boston. One of the leaves of the table was taken out by unseen agency and laid upon the others. A cloth being placed upon the table, a hand, or what to the touch *seemed* a hand, was repeatedly thrust up under it. This was grasped by some of the gentlemen present, in whose grasp it melted away. They state that the form and feel of human fingers was perfectly palpable. The hands of the mediums and of all present were at that time on the table in full sight. Mr. Hume held an accordeon in one hand, taking hold of the bottom of the instrument, while his other hand was stretched out away from it. Several tunes were played upon it by invisible agency. One of the editors present inspected it closely; he saw the bellows part and the keys moving exactly as if some person were playing upon it, while it hung suspended in the air at only a few inches from his eyes. The result, in short, of the session was, that every body present was satisfied that the feats performed were not done by the mediums, and that any theory of solutions which ascribes them to jugglery is simply ridiculous.

CRIME ON THE DECREASE IN NEW YORK.

City Judge Russell, in his charge to the Grand Jury in the Court of Sessions, demonstrated that crime had not increased in New York during the last ten years, and that, in proportion to the strength of the police force, we are better protected than other cities.

CONFESSION OF A MURDERER.

Hugh Corrigan, the Irishman who murdered his wife at Greensburg, has made the following confession: "A year or two after my return from Ireland I went to live on the place that I still own near Blairsville. I had been married before to a widow in Livermore, who was dead. She kept a grocery there when I worked on the canal. We did not live on very good terms, and I got rid of her. I did not intend to kill her, but we fought one Sunday night. I was a little in liquor, and it ended badly for her. She blamed me for being too free with a girl that lived at a boarding-house, and I charged her with having too much to say to a young man named Porter, that was there once in a while. He was some kind of an engineer or surveyor. She called me a drunken old brute, and I choked her. I did not think I hurt her much, but, when I let her go, she dropped down and never moved. I was a good deal frightened, and the first thought that came into my head was to finish her, if there was any life left. I waited a while, and thought how I would get rid of the body. When I was sure that she was dead, I went out. It was a dark night. I stood by the door, watching whether any person was stirring, and studying what to do, for half an hour. While I was waiting outside, one or two people passed along. Then I stood listening, and heard the sound of the water in the river. The river was very high that day, and I thought if I could get the body down and throw it in, it would save me from being suspected. I concluded to try it, and I went back into the house. There was a three-bushel bag, with a few potatoes in it, in one corner of the room. I took the string off her neck, and doubled up the feet; then I drew the bag over it and tied it. I put out the candle and went to the door. It must have been nearly midnight. I waited a little while longer, and then carried the body to the river, untied the bag, and threw the corpse in. I saw no one either going down or back to the house. The next morning I began talking about my wife to the neighbors; I told them that she had gone off, and that I was going to search for her."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN'S HEALTH.

Her Majesty has not got over her trouble. She is to leave London for Osborne House, Isle of Wight, to recruit her strength. The excuse given to the public is that the Queen is particularly anxious to take part in the business of the country on the meeting of Parliament, and therefore desires to take measures for her complete restoration after accouchement more rapidly than usual. This is merely an excuse. The truth is that Queen Victoria is not so well as her subjects could desire.

Her physician, Dr. Locock, has been made a Baronet.

THE LONDON SEASON.

Our London correspondent writes: "There is quite a lull in the *beau monde*. No levees, no drawing-rooms! The 'season' is most unseasonable. Her Majesty's little affair was most ill-timed—coming when there was such a dearth of amusement, and putting such a complete stopper upon every attempt to escape from the *ennui* of fashionable entities. It is too soon for out-door recreations. No floral *fêtes* or *déjeuners al fresco;* few or no exhibitions are yet open. So we must, perforce, fall back upon music. Of Philharmonics and other musical societies, oratorios, and *concerts monstre*, we have had a plenty; and now the two opera-houses are open, there is no lack of attraction and entertainment, and more is in prospect. There are the Opera-Concerts and the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, and the Grand Concerts at the Surrey Gardens, besides Cremorne Gardens, and the Cologne Choral Union, all in prospect, and when they are all agoing, who will dare to say that the English are not a 'music-loving people?'"

ILLNESS OF THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

The Duchess of Gloucester, the oldest of the royal family, is in a dangerous state. Her Royal Highness is in her eighty-first year, being ten years older than the mother of the Queen, the Duchess of Kent. The Duchess is very much beloved by a very large circle of friends. She has lived for a long time in comparative retirement, and is a kind-hearted soul, beloved by the poor, to whom she is especially kind.

THE ENGLISH POOR.

Our London correspondent writes: "Notwithstanding the ample provision made for the indigent by the Poor Laws, it appears that there are upward of two hundred thousand persons who are without homes; 'tramps,' who wander about from place to place, picking up a living as they best may by begging or stealing, and sleeping in outhouses and in the casual wards of 'Unions.' They exceed in number the aborigines of New Zealand, and are a class very difficult to deal with. Their roving habits unfit them for any settled employment; here to-day and gone to-morrow, they put farmers and others under constant contribution. Charity is ill-bestowed upon them, yet to check it would be to incite them to more plunder, as live they must and will. The only really independent creature in the world is the beggar: he has no need to toil; mistaken pity opens her purse-strings, and the beggar's hand is upon every man's purse, if not in it. He has no care for the morrow; the evil of the day is more than sufficient for him. He can even afford to live sumptuously. Of late it has become the practice to strip and search these vagabonds when they apply for lodging at the Union, and as much as sixty and seventy pounds have been found sewed up in their rags. The English have the credit of being a very charitable people. In London there are provided for the sick poor no less than fourteen general and thirty-six special hospitals, with an income of £272,834 per annum. There are also forty-two general dispensaries, and eighteen special dispensaries, with incomes of £29,064 a year. To these may be added the sums expended on Poor Law medical relief, vaccination, etc., making a total of nearly half a million expended in the relief of the sick poor of this metropolis."

LADY POLITICIANS.

Some discussion is going on in England on the topic of female interference in elections. Some approve, some blame the practice; but the facts are admitted on all sides.

Lady John Russell contributed much to her husband's re-election by visiting the different polling-booths, with her smiles and courtesies among the electors. Lady Mildred Hope is believed to have carried the election of her husband for Maidstone. She did not exactly canvass for him, but all through the election she was constantly driving about the town. She also was most active at the nomination and during the polling; and at the close, unable to restrain herself any longer, she threw up the window of her hotel, and addressed the mob in a speech which every body agreed was better than her husband's, delivered immediately afterward from the same place.

A NEW LINE OF MAMMOTH STEAMERS.

A Liverpool paper says that Mr. Clare, Jun., of that place, is prepared to build four iron mail steamers of 10,000 tons each, that shall average twenty miles per hour, for the sum of £400,000 each—boats that, in case of war, could be applied to the Government transit of troops, etc. Now, what would be the result of shortening the voyage to Australia to thirty days? In the first instance, England receives £20,000,000 sterling in gold annually from that colony; the interest upon that sum for one month (the time saved in conveyance) would be £840,000, and the draft to the same amount, having another thirty days to run, would make a total per annum of £1,680,000 interest, which, added to £840,000 would yield the sum of £2,400,000. So that, in one year, £800,000 more than the cost of building this splendid fleet of steamers, suitable for war purposes, would be realized merely by the saving of time. Mr. Clare is prepared to have this number of boats ready in twelve months, upon the Government undertaking to pay him such a rate of postage as the expeditious services he would render would entitle him to; and the colonists would not object to an additional postage that would bring them nearer to England by at least half the time now consumed.

THE MAINE LAW IN ENGLAND.

Neal Dow of Maine has arrived in England—the object of his visit being the furtherance of the Maine Liquor Law principles in the United Kingdom. He will meet with a most determined opposition. In Scotland he will not make many converts. The Forbes Mackenzie act, in that part of the British island, was a Maine Law, in a small way. It was in the estimation of many of its supporters only the first step to a more complete measure. The act is rapidly going the way of its exemplar in the United States. Regulation of the traffic to some extent, of course, there must always be, but it is vain to expect the spread of temperance, and the formation of sober, manly habits, or any thing more indeed than mere external order, from legal restrictions or police arrangements. It is to a different instrumentality altogether, namely, to education and to moral and religious culture, that the English must look for a reformation of the habits of the people.

THE LADY POISONER IN SCOTLAND.

Some further particulars have appeared respecting the alleged murder of her lover by Miss Madeline Smith. The young lady is only in her nineteenth year, is extremely pretty, and has always dressed not only in the most expensive style, but in the most gorgeous manner. All her relations are of the highest respectability, and she moved in the best circles of society in the west of Scotland. She is talented and accomplished, as well as handsome. Her education, which she finished at Paris, was of the very highest order. The French gentleman, named Angellier, to whom she was engaged to be married, and whom she is charged with having murdered by poisoning him, is described as having been in every way a very interesting person. Another gentleman, exceedingly wealthy, not knowing that Miss Smith was already affianced, proposed to and was accepted by her. The prevailing belief in Scotland is, that the reason why she had recourse to poisoning her first lover, instead of breaking off the engagement, under some pretext or other—for which so clever a person could have been at no loss—was, that had she married the other while M. Angellier was alive, the latter could have made some revelations which might have caused grave misunderstandings between herself and husband. It is stated that she and M. Angellier had been privately married. She still displays in prison the most extraordinary coolness and composure.

A FORTNIGHT WITHOUT FOOD.

A remarkable instance of the power of the human frame to retain vitality for a lengthened period without food has just transpired in the neighborhood of Liverpool. One Saturday night a keeper, in the course of his rounds, was attracted by the barking of his dogs to a place in Stockton's-wood, near Speke-hall, where, lying on the grass, he found a man in an extreme state of exhaustion. He had him removed to the village of Speke, and Mr. Gill, a surgeon, was called to him. His feet were much swollen, and the boots had to be cut off. On the removal of his stockings his feet were found to be gangrenous up to the ankle, and the surgeon (Mr. Gill) recommended his removal to the Royal Infirmary, where he was taken, when somewhat revived, on Monday. He was received by the house surgeon, Mr. Morris, who found upon him a number of documents and letters which proved that he was a native of one of the Bermuda Islands, that he is respectably connected, was a captain, and had brought a ship to Liverpool; that his certificate had been detained by some parties, and that he had in consequence been reduced to the greatest distress and anxiety, which had affected his mind. His name is withheld for obvious reasons. He told the persons who found him—and he made a similar statement to Mr. Morris—that about eighteen days ago, being unable to pay the rent for his lodgings, he left the town and wandered he knew not where; that he found his way into the wood, and lay down in a state of exhaustion, and that he had been there a fortnight and two days, occasionally eating a little grass and drinking water at a brook which ran through the wood, and to which he had managed to crawl. He says he could hear the bell at Speke-hall ring when any one went to the door, but he had not strength enough to call one.

SIX MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT NEARLY KILLED.

A dinner was given in Dublin to the six conservative members returned for Dublin city, University, and County. Every preparation went on merrily until, as the assembled entertainers and their guests were proceeding from the withdrawing to the banqueting-room, in the large ante-chamber through which they passed, a catastrophe, fortunately unattended with any disastrous results, occurred. A crash was heard, and, in a twinkling, the flooring gave way in the centre of the room, and precipitated the entire company into an abyss, not deep, but dark, which yawned below, while the boards still yielded, and the crowd collapsed and became more crowded in the crater so suddenly formed. Sideboards, on which piles of china had been erected, came tumbling down amidst a fearful crash; a pianoforte followed with an unearthly sound, and dozens of hats rolled down the steep incline; and, to crown all, a huge screen opened its awful folds, and, for a moment, covered the struggling masses of living beings, eclipsing the friendly gas-lights that still shone above the confusion. Assisted by those who still remained on the brink, in a few moments every one was released from the chasm, and fortunately, so far from any gentleman experiencing any ill effects, all who sank in the wreck of the flooring landed safe and merry in the banqueting-room, some dusty and a little dilapidated, perhaps, but none otherwise the worse. Exaggerated statements of the accident were soon put in circulation, and before the dinner was over the street-hawkers were crying papers announcing that six members were killed, and that fresh elections would be held.

FREEDOM OF THE PEASANTRY IN IRELAND.

Apropos of tenant coercion, the Derry papers publish a curious document in the form of a petition, which was presented the other day to the Marquis of Waterford from his lordship's tenantry in Londonderry, humbly beseeching leave to vote as their consciences dictated at the then approaching contest for the county. The petitioners say:

"That they are inclined to believe your lordship is warmly attached to the tenantry on your lordship's estate, and that you respect their feelings and conscientious convictions; that, acting under that belief, they respectfully approach your lordship to request you will be graciously pleased to permit them, at the approaching general election, to record their votes according to the dictates of their consciences; and that you will give directions to your agent and representative here to protect them in the religious and faithful exercise of their electoral rights. Several landlords in this county have already done so. This favor being so reasonable a request on their part, your tenants do not anticipate a refusal, and have nominated Messrs. etc., a deputation to wait on your lordship, and they, as in duty bound, will ever pray."

To this not very unreasonable prayer the following reply was given:

"Ashbrook, *April* 3.

"Sir,—I am directed by the Marquis of Waterford to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, together with a memorial from some of his tenants in this county, and to say that he would wish them to vote for Mr. Clark and Sir H. Bruce at the coming election.

"Yours faithfully,

"Rev. N. M. Brown. J. B. Beresford."

FRANCE.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE EMPEROR.

As the Emperor Napoleon, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, was driving along the Rue Rivoli, the other afternoon, toward the Bastille, the horses, when near the Hotel de Ville, took fright at the sound of a drum, ran away, and rushed upon the foot pavement. A boarding in front of a shop stopped their progress, but one of the reins snapped, and the fore wheels of the carriage became awkwardly entangled in some planks. The Emperor got out without coming to any harm. He was on his way to Vincennes at the time.

MADAME CASTIGLIONE.

The allowance made to Madame de Castiglione is said to be 10,000 francs a month, and other fair pensioners are reported to be on the imperial list, though this lady's receipts are the highest. In going to her house, the Emperor passes through an empty domicile at the back, and it was during this passage that the late attempt upon his life was made. Colonel or General Fleant always accompanies his imperial master on these amatory visits, and it is to be hoped will be able to give as successful an account of his stewardship in this as in other employments.

HOUSE-RENTS IN PARIS.

House-rent and food have, during the last four or five years, augmented by at least twenty-five per cent. in nearly all the continental capitals of Europe. Complaints on this subject are heard from all quarters—from Constantinople, Madrid, Turin, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, while Paris is becoming an impossible residence to those whose incomes are limited, and have no means of augmenting them. The French Government has found it necessary to increase the pay of the lower grades of the military and other official dependents, owing to the augmented value of the necessaries of life and the extravagant demands of landlords. New Paris is composed of palaces—as if the present generation anticipated a class of society who could afford to spend three times as much per annum as their fathers. On this subject the *Revue Contemporaine* has published an interesting article by the Comte de Tourdonnet. The author, starting from the facts stated in the report of the Prefect of the Seine of December 2, 1856, from which it appears that the number of houses built since 1851 far exceeds the number of houses pulled down, arrives at conclusions not altogether correct, since the author attributes this luxury to the changed habits of the Parisians. But these changes belong chiefly to a limited class, who, profiting by the impetus given to trade and speculation, are gaining large incomes. New Paris occupies the site of houses which formerly accommodated the ordinary trader, professional man, and clerks, whose occupations oblige them to be near the city. No one cares now to build small and humble dwellings, because the returns are for large apartments more sure and profitable. The Emperor Napoleon has lately purchased ground, and built dwellings for the working classes; but this good example has not been followed, nor do speculators construct houses even for the middle classes of society. It results that landlords obtain almost any price they demand for their apartments. It is very common to find a fifth floor, containing six or eight rooms, producing a rent of £100 per annum, and this not by any means in a first-rate situation.

ARRIVAL OF THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

The *Patrie* publishes a private letter from Toulon, giving an account of the arrival of the Grand Duke. His Imperial Highness sailed in the steam-frigate *Olaff*. The squadron was not telegraphed until half-past 12. A great movement was then perceived on board the French fleet. The drums beat to arms on board the *Bretagne* (carrying the Admiral's flag) and the other ships, and at 3 the batteries of the *Grosse Tour* fired a salute of 21 guns. The yards were manned in gallant style on board the fleet. At that moment the *Olaff* entered the outer harbor. The panoramic view was magnificent—the clear blue sky, and the heights crowded with spectators; cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and hurrahs filled the air, and the volleys echoed from the hills had an indescribable effect. The steamer stopped, and the Maritime Prefect, with his staff, in the Imperial barge, went alongside. The Prefect took the orders of the Grand Duke, and returned to shore. In the mean time the troops of the garrison were formed in the Arsenal to pay military honors to the illustrious visitor. The Maritime Prefect and Admiral Trehouart received the Grand Duke, on his landing, at a quarter to five. The Grand Duke is described as thirty years of age, fair, and of middle size. He wore the decorations of St. Andrew and St. George over an Admiral's uniform. The Grand Duke Constantine will arrive in Paris on Thursday, April 30th, and will remain till May 16th. During his stay there will be *fêtes* in Paris and at Fontainebleau, a grand ball at the Tuileries, a grand *soirée* at the Hotel de Ville, races in the Bois de Boulogne, a hunt at Fontainebleau, and a review at the Champ de Mars.

THE IMPERIAL BABY.

A Paris correspondent writes: "The Imperial Prince, besides going most afternoons in state, escorted by Guides, to the Bois de Boulogne, is now taken out at eight or nine every morning on the reserved terrace of the Tuileries gardens overlooking the Seine. Sometimes he may be seen in his Lilliputian goat carriage, the goats led by two little footmen, a nurse walking on each side and a tall lacquey behind. This morning I happened to be passing through the gardens when the imperial infant was returning to the palace from his promenade. On this occasion he was not in the carriage, but in the arms of one of his nurses, the other being in attendance, and the tall footman close at hand. The passers-by on the quay near the Pont Royal rushed to the railing which separates the quay from the private garden to see the hope of the Napoleon dynasty. At the moment the Emperor, without his hat, and smoking a cigar, was enjoying the fine morning, walking up and down the gravel walk in front of the little private stair-case leading into his apartments. When he saw the nursery *cortége* approaching, he advanced a few steps, graciously bowed to the nurses, and with a playful expression on his countenance, kissed his babe, to the great delight of a considerable assemblage who beheld the scene at the distance of only a few yards. The child looks remarkably plump and well."

POISONED PETTICOATS.

In the last number of the *Journal de Chimie Medicale*, M. Chevalier, member of the Council of Salubrity, makes known the following fact: A lady had purchased at one of the large houses in Paris, for a ball dress, a quantity of green gauze, which was sent by the lady to a dress-maker to have it made up. Five of the workwomen employed on it were affected with symptoms more or less serious. In consequence of this fact samples of the gauze were sent to be examined by M. Payen, the chemist, who discovered that the gauze was colored by Schwenforth green, which did not adhere to the material, and was easily detached. The article in question was, it was said, highly dangerous, first, to the workmen who prepared it; next, to the shopmen who handled it when selling; and lastly, to the workwomen employed in making it up. It was also stated that if several persons were in a room together with dresses of this material, and they rubbed against each other, arsenical dust might be raised, which would be very injurious to persons inhaling it.

THE EMPEROR GETS BLESSED.

The ceremony of administering the oath to Cardinal Morlot, the new Archbishop of Paris, took place at the Tuileries, with the usual formalities. After the oath had been taken, an unexpected scene occurred, which produced much emotion among all the persons present. The Emperor went on his knees before the eminent Cardinal, and asked him for his first benediction. After having complied with the desire of his Majesty, the Cardinal was taken into the apartments of the Empress and Prince Imperial, to whom he also gave his benediction.

GENERAL PELISSIER TO BE MARRIED.

The Duke of Malakoff, now a veteran of sixty, is, it is said, about to be united in matrimony to a young lady of nineteen, a Mdlle. St. Paul, sister to the wife of General Fleury, one of the youngest generals in the French Army, but a sharer in the bad fortunes and long exile of Louis Napoleon.

PROFESSIONAL HOWLING.

A curious branch of business has been established at Lyons. It appears that an association of howlers has been formed, which engages to supply at each funeral a number of professional weepers. The charge made is five francs per head. They have adopted a peculiar costume, and follow the hearse weeping and sobbing.

A WILD-BOAR HUNT.

The *Journal de Tonnerre* relates an extraordinary scene which occurred in that town a few days ago. A battue took place in the woods of Maligny (Yonne), to destroy wild boars, which were committing great ravages in the fields adjoining. Six of these animals were started out by the dogs, and took to the vineyards near, where, being met by some men at work, they separated, and took different directions. Two were pursued and killed by the men, two escaped, and the other two ran into the town and entered the court-yard of a gentleman named Campenon. That person and several friends were standing talking in the court at the time, and were not a little astonished at the visit of the savage animals, and immediately ran to procure weapons. One of the boars took refuge in a fowl-house, while the other made a dash through a window into a small room on the ground floor. After some little delay, during which a number of persons had assembled, the interlopers were both dispatched. They were found to be both sows, and on their bodies being opened, one was found to have ten and the other seven young ones. Each of the animals weighed from fifty to sixty kilogrammes.

A LITERARY AUTO-DA-FE.

Some itinerant Capuchin monks lately invaded the town of Grasse, in the department of the Var, and there enacted a scene which will scarcely be credited as having occurred in France in the nineteenth century, although if the venue were laid in the States of the Church, or in Spain, there would be nothing surprising in the story. After a preachment of more sermons than were ever heard at a Scotch "holy fair," a sturdy orator, one Father Archange, mounted the pulpit, and pronounced a furious discourse against philosophers and romance-writers. Not only Alexandre Dumas, Eugène Sue, Georges Sand, and Balzac, but even MM. Thiers and Lamartine, were denounced by name. Among newspapers, the *Débats* and *Siècle* were stigmatized as unfit for Christian reading. At the conclusion of a fierce invective, the monk called upon his hearers, as they valued their eternal salvation, to deliver up to the parish priest, within twenty-four hours, all books, pamphlets, journals, and printed papers whatsoever, not approved of by the bishop, which might be in their possession. Pursuant to this mandate, a large proportion of the population of the town came by night to the church door, and there, through an aperture provided by the curé, they furtively threw down their sinful literature, as an unfortunate mother deposits her offspring in the box of a foundling-hospital. The next day, which happened to be Holy Thursday, a grand *auto-da-fé* was celebrated in one of the public places of the town. The devoted books and newspapers were packed upon a large funereal pile. Two copies of Lamartine's "Jocelyn;" one of "La Chute d'un Ange;" a complete set of M. Thiers's "History of the French Revolution;" very many volumes of Balzac, Dumas, and Eugène Sue; a copy of M. Senator Merimée's "Colomba;" M. Michelet's works; and Jules Simon's "Religion Naturelle," were remarked among the collection, which comprised a number of plays, vaudevilles, and illustrated publications. At nine in the evening, all being prepared, the clergy, preceded by two infant choristers, each bearing a silver cross, covered with a black vail, advanced in procession to the place of execution. Some "bad books," which had been brought in at the last moment, were carried by beadles in baskets hung with black. The *cortége* marched slowly and silently, lighted by torches and wax candles. The beadles having emptied their baskets into the condemned mass of books and papers, the holy fathers immediately set fire to the fagots, and as the flames burned up high the curé chaunted "Parce Domine." The majority of the spectators were utterly ignorant of the nature of the entertainment, and would probably have thought it a better show had the Capuchins been burned instead of the books. Some few made fun of the proceedings, and put humorous questions to the priests as they passed by.

BLIND CHESS.

The Café de la Regence, Paris, has been recently the scene of an extraordinary display of chess power—M. Harrwitz, the celebrated player, contending, without seeing the board, in two games at the same time, against two players of the Paris Chess Club. Prince Antoine Bonaparte, the Duke of Brunswick, the Marquis de Carracciolo, Count Issiore, and a great number of amateurs and members of the club were present, and followed with unflagging interest to the close the wonderful feat of mental abstraction and chess memory which M. Harrwitz presented on the occasion, without, to all appearance, any harassing effect.

In the centre of the largest of the rooms at the café were placed two tables, at which were seated, each with a board and chessmen before him, M. Lecrivain and M. P——, the gentlemen with whom M. Harrwitz was to engage in peaceful conflict. The room beyond, the last of the suite, was set apart for the mental player, all its fittings-up consisting merely of three or four chairs, and a table in one corner, on which were placed wine, sugar, and water, and other refreshments, as well as writing materials, to enable the gentleman who acted as secretary to mark down the moves when decided.

The door of communication between the two rooms was kept open the whole time, so that every one could see that not only M. Harrwitz had no means of aiding his memory by any extraneous or tangible object, but that all intercourse with other persons was absolutely impossible. All around the other rooms were arranged chess-tables, on which the amateurs invited to be present followed the moves as they were played. Every thing being declared in readiness, at about half-past nine the play commenced. The manner in which the moves were announced is this:

HOW HE DID IT.

M. Lequesne, who had kindly consented to act as secretary, after having received his instructions from M. Harrwitz, wrote down the moves for both games, and then entering the other room and saying "First game," specified the move fixed for it; next saying, "Second game," he acted in the same way for it. The moves thus named were then played on the board, and the two adversaries studied the reply to be given. When both gentlemen had decided, M. Lequesne marked down the moves as before, and then in turn announced to M. Harrwitz, exactly in the same manner, the advance so given in each case.

The longest game, in which there was remarkably fine play on both sides, lasted three hours and a half, and from the beginning to the end of that long space of time, during which the strain on the memory must have been enormous, M. Harrwitz (says *Galignani*) never for a moment appeared in the slightest degree embarrassed, nor did he delay longer in his moves than he, probably, would have done in an ordinary game, when looking at the board. The replies certainly came more rapidly from him than from the other room, M. Lecrivain taking a considerable time to examine each position, and playing with great caution. M. P——, on the other hand, moved at once, and, being naturally a quick player, soon got somewhat fatigued by the great length of time which he was obliged to remain unoccupied while waiting for the decisions of M. Lecrivain. It is most probably to this circumstance that must be attributed the fact that he by no means equaled his usual game. It was after one o'clock when M. Harrwitz came into the general room, after winning in both games. He declared himself to be but little fatigued, and, in answer to observations made to him, proceeded at once to explain various points of his play.

SPAIN.

PALACE SCANDAL.

Madrid is once more loud with palace scandals. The dissensions between the Queen and her husband, lately much talked of, are now as notorious as they are known to be violent. The King's pecuniary requisitions and her Majesty's interesting situation are the causes assigned. Both Queen Isabella and her august consort are lavish in their expenditure, although in different ways. The extravagance of the former arises in great measure from the sort of easy, reckless good-nature, which is one of her characteristics, and from her ignorance of the value of money. In this latter respect she is wonderfully unsophisticated. When Señor de los Heros assumed the governorship of the palace, he found she was in the habit of receiving her money in bank-notes, bundles of which she would give away almost on the first petition, apparently quite unaware of the large sums she was thus squandering, and without in the least considering whether the notes were of 500 reals or 5000. Señor Heros introduced the practice of giving her money in specie, and then she would give a handful of dollars where she had formerly given a handful of notes, seemingly unconscious that she was not doing quite as handsome a thing. The King's prodigality is of another kind: he makes little show, and it is not very apparent, although pretty well known, where his money goes to. His last demand is said to have been for the purpose of establishing at Aranjuez a convent of nuns, where his favorite the notorious Sœur Patrocinio, might find an asylum at a more convenient distance from the capital than her present abode. The money was refused, and the consequence was a scene of, it is said, the most violent description. For some days neither of their majesties appeared in public, and, although it has for some time been the custom for them to go abroad together—as a sort of outward and visible sign of a harmony that never really existed—this usage has been interrupted, and the King has for the last two or three days been driving alone in an open carriage.

PRUSSIA.

COMPLAINTS OF IMMIGRANTS.

The Prussian Government has addressed a strong remonstrance to our Cabinet on the subject of the plundering of immigrants from that kingdom by American "runners," and their impressment in our merchant vessels by shipping merchants.

A ROYAL JOKE.

At Berlin, a few evenings since, the King of Prussia attended the theatre to witness the production of a new tragedy. The piece proved wretchedly dull, and His Majesty, after the second act, determined to quit the house. On entering the saloon leading to his box, he saw a lackey sitting on a chair, with his chin resting on his breast, and in a profound slumber. Turning to one of his attendants, the King remarked, "I'm sure that fellow has been listening at the door!"

CHINA.

PROGRESS OF HOSTILITIES.

The Government contractors' storehouses at Hong Kong have been burned down by incendiaries; and 700 barrels of flour destroyed.

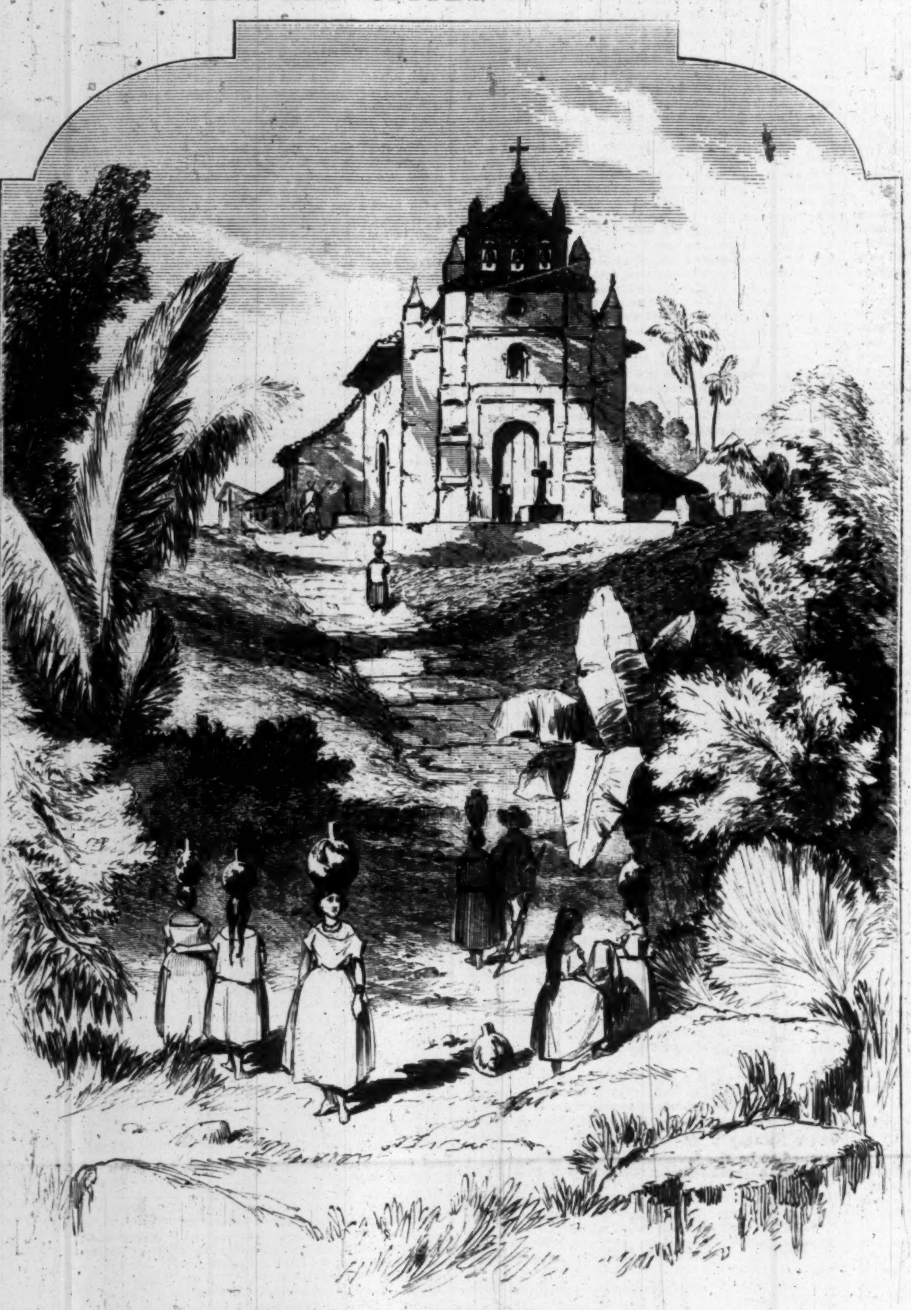
The Chinese in Saranak, Borneo, rose on the 17th of February, and massacred several Europeans. Sir James Brooke saved his life by swimming across a creek. One of the Borneo Company's steamers subsequently arrived at Saranak, and with the aid of Sir James at the head of a body of Malays and Dyakes, avenged the destruction of the settlement by killing 2000 Chinese.

THE four engravings with which we present our readers in the present number are probably the truest and best of Central American scenery that have ever been executed. They give, with singular fidelity, the graceful curves and spongy richness of the foliage, through which a ray of sun can hardly penetrate. But no force of pencil or of ink can convey the wonderful depth and color of tropical shadows; they are not *black*, as one might suppose, but represent what are called by artists the "complementary colors;" as, for example, if the sunlight inclines to yellow, the shadows will be intense purple; if the light is orange, they are indigo blue; and if the sun casts a ruddy beam through rain clouds, they are of a tender green. A sunset sky in the tropics—from zenith to horizon—will pass through a series of bright, pure, cloudless tints; gold-yellow, pale-green, rose-pink, carmine, blush-red, etc., etc., each color being also a vast body of radiant light, and giving complementary shadows, which combine with the solid greens of the foliage. It is these changes, with the intensity and vastness of the light, the depth of shade, and the tender richness and superfluous elegance of vegetation which, combined with the sensation of warmth and softness in the air, and a pervading, scarce perceptible woody aroma, make the charm of the tropics.

The River San Juan, the Bluefields, the Wanks, the Patook, the Tinto, and the Ulua—all the great streams that drain the eastern declivities of the Central American Cordilleras and table-lands—must be now regarded as so many canals, ready to bear the products of American art and industry to the interior people of Honduras and Nicaragua. If we act fairly and generously with these people, their lands, cattle, corn, sugar, cochineal, chocolate, gold, silver, copper, all the precious marketable woods, gums, spices, drugs, and medicinal plants of their teeming volcanic soils, are at our service.

The San Juan River has three mouths or outlets, called severally Colorado, the southern mouth and largest; San Juan, used for the steamer navigation; and Juanilla, or Little San Juan, on the north. The two latter fall into the bay of San Juan de Nicaragua. From Greytown, up the San Juan to the fork of the Colorado, at Leap's Island, is twenty miles; thence to Cody's and Hipp's Point, where the River Sarapiqui comes into the San Juan, flowing north out of Costa Rica, is fourteen miles. Hipp's Point is the spit of land between the Sarapiqui and San Juan at their junction. On this point Walker usually maintained a force of forty or fifty rifles. The point, however, was never well defended, having only a ditch on the land side, a house, and a cleared space around. On the north side of the river, opposite Hipp's Point, is Cody's Point, a greater elevation, and commanding the other, either with cannon or Minié guns, across the river. It was by a fire from Cody's Point that the Costa Ricans were afterward driven out. Both these positions are now occupied by a Costa Rican force.

RIVERS AND CITIES OF NICARAGUA.



CONVENT OF GUARDALOUPE, GRANADA, NICARAGUA.

Above the mouth of the Sarapiqui about twenty-seven miles, nearly fifteen miles below the Machuca Rapids, is a river called the San Carlos, which rises in and flows N. East through Costa Rica, and is navigable forty miles above its mouth. Acting under the orders of President Mora, Spencer made a careful examination of the River San Carlos; and it was determined to make this navigable stream, unsuspected and unoccupied, the channel of approach from Costa Rica.

On the evening of the 21st of December, the force, about one hundred and fifteen in number, and expecting another force of eighty to follow them, having passed down the San Carlos and San Juan rivers, pushed into a creek two miles above the fort at Hipp's Point, on the same side of the river. They remained during the night in their boats, which they had procured on the San Juan, and early in the morning pulled two miles up the creek, kindled a fire, took a hasty breakfast, cleaned and reloaded their rifles, which had been wetted by the rain, divided themselves into two parties, gave one party an hour to reach the Sarapiqui River above the Point, and at the expiration of that time the two parties were close to the fort on either side, in a belt of plantains which surrounds the clearing. The signal was to be the firing of a gun.

The Americans, forty in number, under Captain Thompson, were playing cards, or otherwise amusing themselves at their ease upon the ground. The suddenness of the attack took away their presence of mind. They did not run to their arms. Only four guns were taken from the racks, and only two shots fired.

The party of Costa Ricans who came by the river, when they saw the Americans dashing into the water to escape, began firing upon them as they swam, and three or four were killed. Spencer then manned the boat with native officers, and picked up Captain Thompson and several others, who were very anxious to know what was to be their fate. All these men were sent down uninjured to Greytown, and set free. The capture of the fort was effected at three o'clock in the afternoon of December 22d.

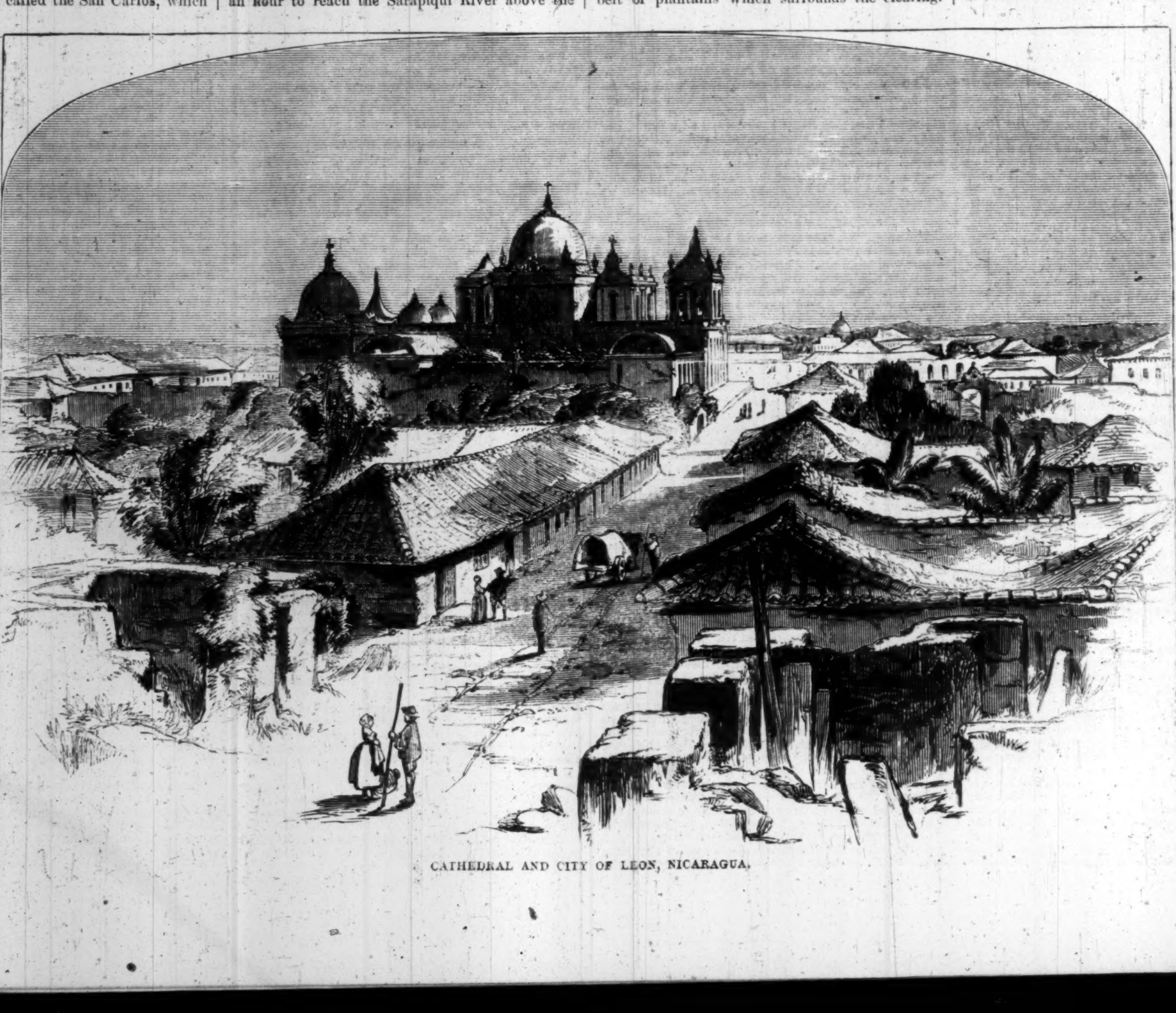
Spencer went immediately down the river to Greytown, where there was a number of British ships of war. Captain Thompson, severely wounded, was kindly received on one of these vessels, the commander knowing nothing of the events which brought him there. On reaching the rendezvous agreed upon, near Punta Arenas, the work-shops of the filibuster Steamship and Transit Company, Spencer found that he had but twenty-five men with him, the others having missed their way in the numerous arms and channels of the river.

He proceeded immediately to take possession of the river steamers, however, and let down the canvas curtains of the boats to conceal the weakness of his force until the others should arrive. He then went ashore and informed the agent, Captain Scott, that the river had been taken. Boats now came from the British men-of-war to inquire, and were informed that the Government of Costa Rica, represented by Colonel Fernandez, had taken possession of the steamers, and that they would be taken up the river. On the 24th, while engaged in repairing one of the river boats, which had been blown ashore from anchorage by a gale, Spencer was waited on by a civil officer from Greytown, who affected to attach all the steamers. Spencer tore up the paper without reading it, and soon after went up the river. On the evening of the 24th he was at the Sarapiqui. The next day, leaving twenty men at Hipp's Point, he went up with his force, and found eighty, who had been delayed, waiting for him at the San Carlos. These men were brought down by Francisco Alvarado on three or four rafts. Alvarado is a mariner, and was educated in the United States. He would have come down with the others if there had been canoes to carry them.

While the Costa Rican force under Fernandez were struggling down the San Carlos, two of the river steamers, the *Scott* and the *Machuca*, passed up, and the *Wheeler* went down. The eighty men on the rafts saw and were seen by a river steamer, on her way to Greytown, having on board Major Rudler and Walker's Secretary of State. The men on the rafts lay down as the steamer went by, to conceal their numbers.

FORT SAN CARLOS.

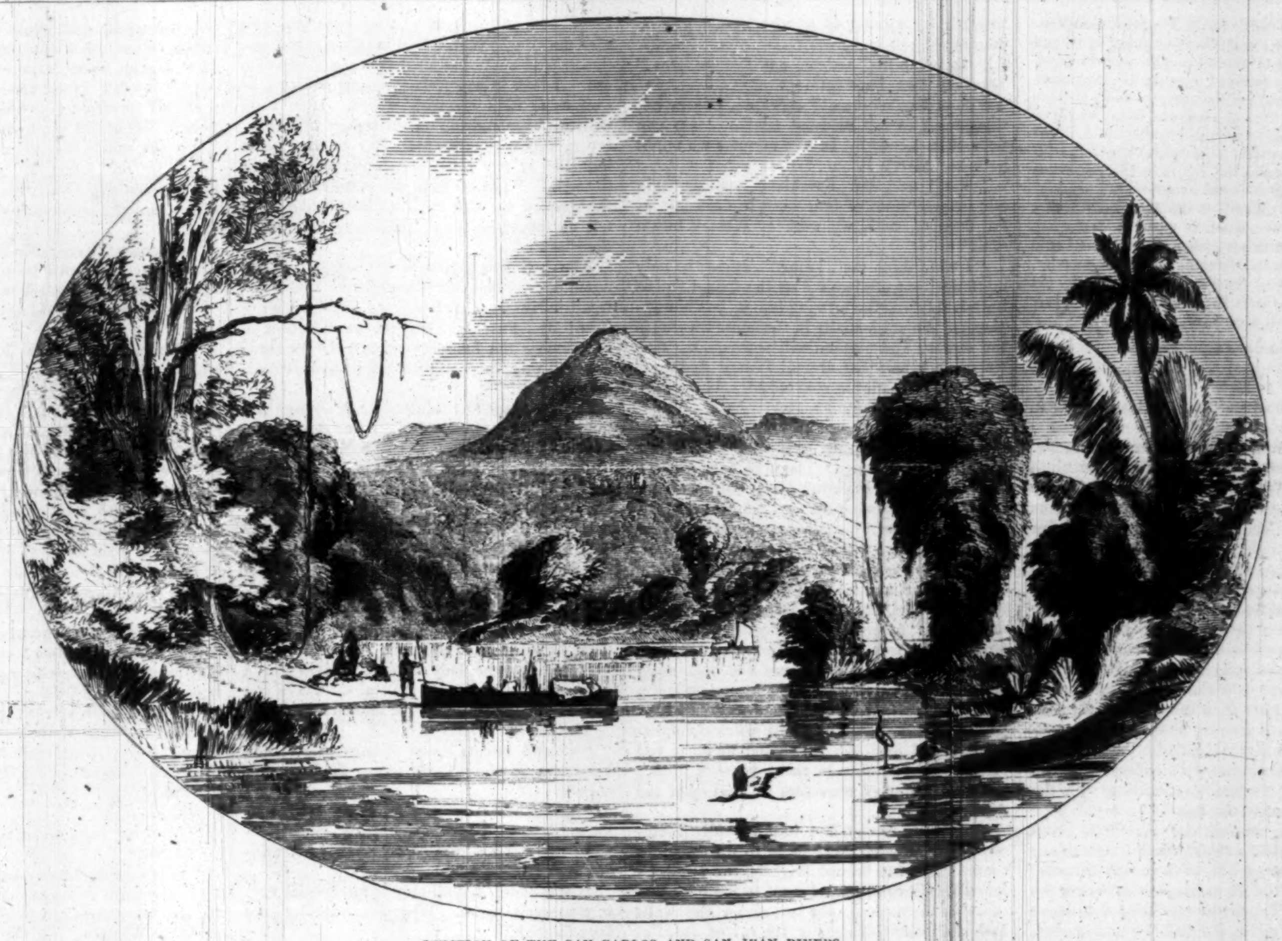
On the 28th of December, Spencer, leaving a garrison of twenty-five men at Castillo, and having taken possession of the large river steamer *Ogden*, which lay above the Castillo Rapids, went up the river to the Tow Rapids, where the River Sablo, from Eastern Chontales, falls into the San Juan. Here Spencer found the large lake steamer *Virgin*, of which he took immediate possession. All this time a force of four hundred men were daily expected from Costa Rica under General Joaquin Mora, the brother of the President, by the way of the River San Carlos. Spencer having taken in wood for his steamer *Ogden*, went back to Castillo in hope of meeting this force, remained there until the morning of the 30th of December, and then went up to attack Fort San



CATHEDRAL AND CITY OF LEON, NICARAGUA.

Carlos at the entrance of Lake Nicaragua. Our artist has given an admirable view of San Carlos fort as it appeared before Walker's arrival in Nicaragua. At this point the customs and tolls of the river are collected.—From Castillo to the Sablo River is ten miles; thence to San Carlos, the entrance of the lake, thirty miles.

The *Virgin*, having Spencer and the force on board, went up and lay in a bend of the river two miles below the fort. The boats were manned, and with muffled oars, in the dusk of evening, the moon just setting, slid along under the north bank of the river toward the fort, the steamer *Virgin* keeping on the south side to attract attention. The proper signals were given to the fort (Walker had never changed his signals); the garrison ran down to the shore without their arms, and a few minutes after the stopping of the rounding to of the steamer, the Costa Ricans had surmounted the east flank of the hill, and the guns of the fort and steamer were both directed on the unarmed crowd of forty Americans. Their captain, Kruger, went, unsuspecting, on board the *Virgin*, was made prisoner, and obliged to give an order in writing for all the men to come on board in the boats.



JUNCTION OF THE SAN CARLOS AND SAN JUAN RIVERS.

THE DESTRUCTION OF GRANADA.

The site of Granada, destroyed by the filibuster forces under Henningsen, is on the southwest shore of Lake Nicaragua, seventy or eighty miles northwest of Virgin Bay. The city itself stood upon a plain, surrounded by gardens and plantations. From the Plaza, or central square, a broad road leads down to the lake, distant about one-and-a-half mile. At the landing there is a stone pier, surmounted by a small square fort, the scene of a bloody massacre when the filibuster garrison, twenty-one in number, were destroyed by the Costa Ricans in the night time. The commerce of the lake and of the San Juan River—Greytown being properly the sea-port of Granada—was carried on principally by large canoes, propelled by sails and oars, some of which would bear a cargo of twelve tons burden. The foreign trade of Granada—by the way of Greytown, the river, and the lake—amounted, hardly three years since, to more than $1,500,000 annually, in exchange for hides and other valuable products; and the better class of inhabitants, all of whom were merchants or producers for the foreign trade, were in general wealthy, and lived in a high degree of luxury and enjoyment, after the fashion of Spanish America. Granada was, in fact, the political and commercial rival of Leon, and held sway over two-thirds of Nicaragua. It was the seat of the great faction of Chomoro, against whom Walker and his men were invited to co-operate by the faction of Leon. When the two parties were united, under the leadership of President Rivas, Granada became the head-quarters of the Americans. Her commerce had been greatly injured by the wars of the native factions, and a portion of the city itself destroyed by fire and repeated cannonades.

The site of Granada has been justly reputed the most unhealthy in Nicaragua. At all seasons of the year, while it continued to be the head-quarters of the filibuster troops, the hospitals were filled with fever patients, and the deaths in a population of five to eight hundred white persons sometimes reached the enormous percentage of two, and even three in one hundred daily. Nevertheless, until compelled by the investing forces of the Costa Ricans to evacuate the whole of Northern and Western Nicaragua, this den of fever and malaria continued to be the favorite residence of Walker, and the head-quarters of his army.

During the latter part of November, 1856, Walker found it necessary finally to give up Granada, and, in fact, the whole of Nicaragua except the Transit road, to the forces of the Allies. The sick and wounded, and most of the American women and children, were sent to the Island of Ometepé. On the 22d of November General Henningsen executed an order to destroy Granada and bring away all the military stores.

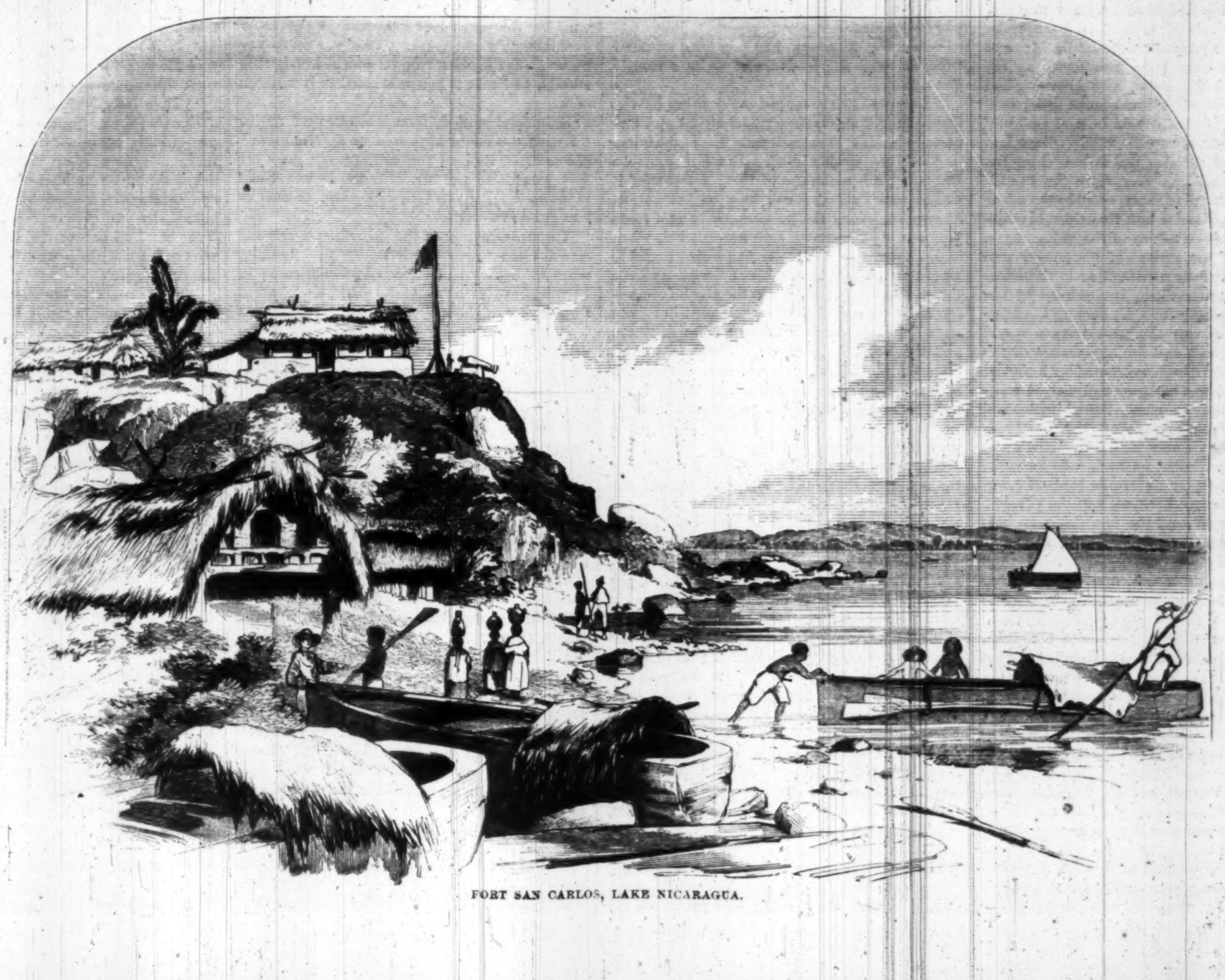
The number of persons inclosed by the allied army of Central America, in their own barricades at Granada, was estimated by Generals Walker and Saunders at more than four hundred persons, near two hundred of whom were mere citizens, or clerks of departments, compelled by circumstances to bear arms in their own defense. While the force under Henningsen was engaged in removing the military stores, and gradually gutting and burning the houses of the Granada merchants, they discovered a large quantity of liquor, and the immediate result was universal drunkenness and insubordination. While in this condition, on the 25th of December, the Allies surrounded them, and cut off their communication with the lake steamers, at that time in possession of the filibusters. On the first surprise, Henningsen collected all his forces in the Plaza, or square of Granada, with a view, principally, to protect the cannon, provisions, and military stores collected there, the loss of which would have been finally and immediately fatal to the expedition. It would have been easy for him, leaving his sick and wounded, whom he knew would not be injured, in the hands of the Allies, to move out of Granada, and by forced marches proceed seventy miles to Virgin Bay. But this movement, though it might have saved a number of lives, would have involved the irreparable loss of cannon and heavy stores. He therefore commenced barricading a road for himself from the city to the lake, moving his stores, cannon, and sick along with him as the work proceeded, as if inclosing all things in a movable pen or sheepfold. The work of moving the walls or barricades of this defense had to be done chiefly at night, and in the daytime he was exposed to continual attacks.

After sustaining repeated attacks, which were repulsed with considerable loss, at least three of the Allies being killed or wounded for every one of the Americans, General Henningsen succeeded, by the gradual interrupted movement of his barricades, in reaching a point on the road to the landing within a few hundred yards of the lake.

The details of personal and military incident connected with the destruction and evacuation of Granada under Henningsen would form one of the most interesting and instructive chapters in modern history. Whether, in the judgment of military men, a true account of the affair would establish the reputation of General Henningsen as much as it would impair that of General Walker, is a point not readily determined.

THE CITY OF LEON.

Leon, under the democratic or revolutionary government, was the capital of Nicaragua. After the subdivision of the lake territory, which is now taking place, between Costa Rica, San Salvador, and Honduras, Leon will either be an independent State and Government, or will unite with San Salvador—the latter is the least probable event of the two. Its inhabitants, formerly wealthy and always able to maintain their independence, will not readily submit to be a province of any adjoining State. The jealousy and conflict of interest existing between Granada and Leon, renders a pacific union between the two under one government an impossibility. Leon, with a moderate garrison, is almost impregnable. The Cathedral, perhaps the largest building on the continent, built of stone, and which cost ten millions of dollars, while it attests the former enormous wealth of the city, serves as a citadel for its defenders. There have been sometimes thirty pieces of cannon placed at one time upon the roof. A great deal of wonder has been expressed that Walker did not continue to occupy Leon, and make the Cathedral his fortress. The objections to such a course, however, were many and serious. The inhabitants of this part of Nicaragua were always the most warlike and least disposed to submit to the domination of foreigners. Their near vicinity to Honduras and Salvador would have opened facilities for combinations with those States detrimental to the filibuster interests. Granada, on the other hand, left ungarrisoned, would have interposed itself as a focus of the allied military system between



FORT SAN CARLOS, LAKE NICARAGUA.

Walker and the Transit road. The protection of the Transit road was always the first thing to be considered, as it was by this all supplies and reinforcements were to be received from the United States. With the main body of the army at Leon, the San Juan River, the Transit road, and Rivas would be always threatened or occupied by the Allies. The loss of the river would be a death-blow to the expedition. So important, too, was the possession of Granada, the grand rendezvous of the Chomoristo faction, always hostile to the Americans, if that city were even evacuated it must be destroyed. To leave it intact in possession of the Allies would be to establish an impregnable fortress of enemies, commanding Rivas, the Transit road, and, by aid and assistance to Costa Rica, rendering the capture of the river almost a certainty.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH. APPROACHING THE PRECIPICE.

TRAVELING from London to Porthgenna, Mr. and Mrs. Frankland had stopped, on the ninth of May, at the West Winston station. On the eleventh of June they left it again, to continue their journey to Cornwall. On the twelfth, after resting a night upon the road, they arrived, toward the evening, at Porthgenna Tower.

There had been storm and rain all the morning; it had lulled toward the afternoon; and, at the hour when they reached the house, the wind had dropped, a thick, white fog hid the sea from view, and sudden showers fell drearily from time to time over the sodden land. Not even a solitary idler from the village was hanging about the west terrace, as the carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Frankland, the baby, and the two servants who were with them, drove up to the house. No one was waiting with the door open to receive the travelers; for all hope of their arriving on that day had been given up, and the ceaseless thundering of the surf, as the stormy sea surged in on the beach beneath, drowned the roll of the carriage-wheels over the terrace road. The driver was obliged to leave his seat, and ring at the bell for admittance. A minute or more elapsed before the door was opened. With the rain falling sullen and steady on the roof of the carriage, with the raw dampness of the atmosphere penetrating through all coverings and defenses, with the booming of the surf sounding threateningly near in the dense obscurity of the fog, the young couple waited for admission to their own home, as strangers might have waited who had called inopportunely.

When the door was opened at last, the master and mistress, whom the servants would have welcomed with the proper congratulations on any other occasion, were now received with the proper apologies instead. Mr. Munder, Mrs. Pentreath, Betsey, and Mr. Frankland's man, all crowded together in the hall, and all begged pardon confusedly for not having been ready at the door, when the carriage drove up. The appearance of the baby changed the conventional excuses of the housekeeper and the maid into conventional expressions of admiration; but the men remained grave and gloomy, and spoke of the miserable weather apologetically, as if the rain and the fog had been of their making. The reason for their persistency in dwelling on this one dreary topic, came out while Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were being conducted up the west stair-case. The storm of the morning had been fatal to three of the Porthgenna fishermen, who had been lost with their boat at sea, and whose deaths had thrown the whole village into mourning. The servants had done nothing but talk of the catastrophe ever since the intelligence of it had reached them, early in the afternoon; and Mr. Munder now thought it his duty to explain that the absence of the villagers, on the occasion of the arrival of his master and mistress, was entirely attributable to the effect produced among the little community by the wreck of the fishing boat. Under any less lamentable circumstances the west terrace would have been crowded, and the appearance of the carriage would have been welcomed with cheers.

"Lenny, I almost wish we had waited a little longer, before we came here," whispered Rosamond, nervously pressing her husband's arm. "It is very dreary and disheartening to return to my first home on such a day as this. That story of the poor fishermen is a sad story, love, to welcome me back with to the place of my birth. Let us send the first thing to-morrow morning, and see what we can do for the poor helpless women and children. I shall not feel easy in my mind, after hearing that story, till we have done something to comfort them."

"I trust you will approve of the repairs, ma'am," said the housekeeper, pointing to the stair-case which led to the second story.

"The repairs?" said Rosamond, absently. "Repairs! I never hear the word now, without thinking of the north rooms, and of the plans we devised for getting my poor dear father to live in them. Mrs. Pentreath, I have a host of questions to ask you and Mr. Munder, about all the extraordinary things that happened when that mysterious lady and that incomprehensible foreigner came to see the house. But tell me first—this is the west front, I suppose?—how far are we, here, from the north rooms? I mean, how long would it take us to get to them, if we wanted to go now to that part of the house?"

"Oh, dear me, ma'am, not five minutes!" answered Mrs. Pentreath.

"Not five minutes!" repeated Rosamond, whispering to her husband again. "Do you hear that, Lenny? In five minutes we might be in the Myrtle Room!"

"Yet," said Mr. Frankland, smiling, "in our present state of ignorance, we are just as far from it, as if we were at West Winston still!"

"I can't think that, Lenny. It may be only my fancy, but now we are on the spot, I feel as if we had driven the mystery into its last hiding-place. We are actually in the house that holds the secret; and nothing will persuade me that we are not half-way already toward finding it out. But don't let us stop on this cold landing. Which way are we to go next?"

"This way, ma'am," said Mr. Munder, seizing the first opportunity of placing himself in a prominent position. "There is a fire in the drawing-room. Will you allow me the honor of leading and conducting you, Sir, to the apartment in question?" he added, officiously stretching out his hand to Mr. Frankland.

"Certainly not!" interposed Rosamond, sharply. She had noticed with her usual quickness of observation, that Mr. Munder wanted the delicacy of feeling which ought to have restrained him from staring curiously at his blind master, in her presence; and she was unfavorably disposed toward him in consequence. "Wherever the apartment in question may happen to be," she continued, with satirical emphasis, "I will lead Mr. Frankland to it, if you please. If you want to make yourself useful, you had better go on before us, and open the door."

Outwardly crest-fallen but inwardly indignant, Mr. Munder led the way to the drawing-room. The fire burned brightly, the old-fashioned furniture displayed itself to the most picturesque advantage, the paper on the walls looked comfortably mellow, the carpet, faded as it was, felt soft and warm underfoot. Rosamond led her husband to an easy chair by the fireside, and began to feel at home for the first time.

"This looks really comfortable," she said. "When we have shut out that dreary white fog, and the candles are lit, and the tea is on the table, we shall have nothing in the world to complain of. You enjoy this nice warm atmosphere, don't you, Lenny? There is a piano in the room, my dear; I can play to you in the evening at Porthgenna, just as I used in London. Nurse, sit down and make yourself and the baby as comfortable as you can. Before we take our bonnets off, I must go away with Mrs. Pentreath, and see about the bedrooms. What is your name, you very rosy, good-natured looking girl? Betsey, is it? Well then, Betsey, suppose you go down and get the tea; and we shall like you all the better, if you can contrive to bring us up some cold meat with it." Giving her orders in those good-humored terms, and not noticing that her husband looked a little uneasy while she was talking so familiarly to a servant, Rosamond left the room in company with Mrs. Pentreath.

When she returned, her face and manner were altered: she looked and spoke seriously and quietly.

"I hope I have arranged every thing for the best, Lenny," she said. "The airiest and largest room, Mrs. Pentreath tells me, is the room in which my mother died. But I thought we had better not make use of that: I felt as if it chilled and saddened me, only to look at it. Further on, along the passage, there is a room that was my nursery. I almost fancied, when Mrs. Pentreath told me she had heard I used to sleep there, that I remembered the pretty little arched door-way leading into the second room—the night-nursery it used to be called in former days. I have ordered the fire to be lit there, and the beds to be made. There is a third room on the right hand, which communicates with the day-nursery. I think we might manage to establish ourselves very comfortably in the three rooms—if you felt no objection—though they are not so large or so grandly furnished as the company-bedrooms. I will change the arrangement if you like—but the house looks rather lonesome and dreary, just at first—and my heart warms to the old nursery—and I think we might at least try it, to begin with—don't you, Lenny?"

Mr. Frankland was quite of his wife's opinion, and was ready to accede to any domestic arrangements that she might think fit to make. While he was assuring her of this, the tea came up; and the sight of it helped to restore Rosamond to her usual spirits. When the meal was over, she occupied herself in seeing the baby comfortably established for the night in the room on the right hand which communicated with the day-nursery. That maternal duty performed, she came back to her husband in the drawing-room; and the conversation between them turned—as it almost always turned, now, when they were alone—on the two perplexing subjects of Mrs. Jazeph and the Myrtle Room.

"I wish it was not night," said Rosamond. "I should like to begin exploring at once. Mind, Lenny, you must be with me in all my investigations. I lend you my eyes, and you give me your advice. You must never lose patience, and never tell me that you can be of no use. I look to you to keep up my courage, as well as to help me with advice. How I do wish we were starting on our voyage of discovery at this very moment! But we may make inquiries at any rate," she continued, ringing the bell. "Let us have the housekeeper and the steward up, and try if we can't make them tell us something more than they told us in their letter."

The bell was answered by Betsey. Rosamond desired that Mr. Munder and Mrs. Pentreath might be sent up stairs. Betsey, having heard Mrs. Frankland express her intention of questioning the housekeeper and the steward, guessed why they were wanted, and smiled, mysteriously.

"Did *you* see any thing of those strange visitors who behaved so oddly?" asked Rosamond, detecting the smile. "Yes, I am sure you did. Tell us what you saw. We want to hear every thing that happened—every thing, down to the smallest trifle."

Appealed to in these direct terms, Betsey contrived, with much circumlocution and confusion, to relate what her own personal experience had been of the proceedings of Mrs. Jazeph and her foreign companion. When she had done, Rosamond stopped her on her way to the door, by asking this question:

"You say the lady was found lying in a fainting fit at the top of the stairs. Have you any notion, Betsey, why she fainted?"

The servant hesitated.

"Come! come!" said Rosamond. "You have some notion, I can see. Tell us what it is."

"I'm afraid you will be angry with me, ma'am," said Betsey, expressing embarrassment by drawing lines slowly with her forefinger on a table at her side.

"Nonsense! I shall only be angry with you, if you won't speak. Why do you think the lady fainted?"

Betsey drew a very long line with her embarrassed forefinger, wiped it afterward on her apron and answered:

"I think she fainted, if you please, ma'am, because she see the ghost."

"The ghost! What! is there a ghost in the house? Lenny, here is a romance that we never expected. What sort of ghost is it? Let us have the whole story."

The whole story, as Betsey told it, was not of a nature to afford her hearers any extraordinary information, or to keep them very long in suspense. The ghost was a lady, who had been at a remote period the wife of one of the owners of Porthgenna Tower, and who had been guilty of deceiving her husband in some way unknown. She had been condemned in consequence to walk about the north rooms, as long as ever the walls of them held together. She had long curling light-brown hair, and very white teeth, and a dimple in each cheek, and was altogether "awful beautiful" to look at. Her approach was heralded to any mortal creature who was unfortunate enough to fall in her way, by the blowing of a cold wind; and nobody who had once felt that wind had the slightest chance of ever feeling warm again. That was all Betsey knew about the ghost; and it was in her opinion enough to freeze a person's blood only to think of it.

Rosamond smiled, then looked grave again. "I wish you could have told us a little more," she said. "But, as you can not, we must try Mrs. Pentreath and Mr. Munder, next. Send them up here, if you please, Betsey, as soon as you get down stairs."

The examination of the housekeeper and the steward led to no result whatever. Nothing more than they had already communicated in their letter to Mrs. Frankland could be extracted from either of them. Mr. Munder's dominant idea was, that the foreigner had entered the doors of Porthgenna Tower with felonious ideas on the subject of the family plate. Mrs. Pentreath concurred in that opinion, and mentioned, in connection with it, her own private impression that the lady in the quiet dress was an unfortunate person who had escaped from a madhouse. As to giving a word of advice, or suggesting a plan for solving the mystery, neither the housekeeper nor the steward appeared to think that the rendering of any assistance of that sort lay at all within their province. They took their own practical view of the suspicious conduct of the two strangers, and no mortal power could persuade them to look an inch beyond it.

"Oh, the stupidity, the provoking, impenetrable, pretentious stupidity of those two people!" exclaimed Rosamond, when she and her husband were alone again. "No help, Lenny, to be hoped for from either of them. We have nothing to trust to now but the examination of the house to-morrow; and that resource may fail us, like all the rest. What can Doctor Chennery be about? Why did we not hear from him before we left West Winston yesterday?"

"Patience, Rosamond, patience. We shall see what the post brings to-morrow."

"Pray don't talk about patience, dear. My stock of that virtue was never a very large one, and it was all exhausted ten days ago, at least. Oh, the weeks and weeks I have been vainly asking myself that one question, Why should Mrs. Jazeph warn me against going into the Myrtle Room? Is she afraid of my discovering a crime? or afraid of my tumbling through the floor? What did she want to do in the room, when she made that attempt to get into it? Why, in the name of wonder, should she know something about this house that I never knew, that my father never knew, that nobody else?—"

"Rosamond!" cried Mr. Frankland, suddenly changing color, and starting in his chair. "I think I can guess who Mrs. Jazeph is!"

"Good gracious, Lenny! What do you mean?"

"Something in those last words of yours started the idea in my mind the instant you spoke. Do you remember, when we were staying at St. Swithin's on Sea, and talking about the chances for and against our prevailing on your father to live with us here—do you remember, Rosamond, telling me at that time of certain unpleasant associations which he had with the house, and mentioning among them the mysterious disappearance of a servant on the morning of your mother's death?"

Rosamond turned pale at the question. "How came we never to think of that before?" she said.

"You told me," pursued Mr. Frankland, "that this servant left a strange letter behind her, in which she confessed that your mother had charged her with the duty of telling a secret to your father—a secret that she was afraid to divulge, and that she was afraid of being questioned about. I am right, am I not, in stating those two reasons as the reasons she gave for her disappearance?"

"Quite right."

"And your father never heard of her again?"

"Never!"

"It is a bold guess to make, Rosamond; but the impression is strong on my mind that, on the day when Mrs. Jazeph came into your room at West Winston, you and that servant met, and *she* knew it!"

"And the secret, dear—the secret she was afraid to tell my father?"

"Must be in some way connected with the Myrtle Room."

Rosamond said nothing in answer. She rose from her chair, and began to walk agitatedly up and down the room. Hearing the rustle of her dress, Leonard called her to him, and, taking her hand, laid his fingers on her pulse, and then lifted them for a moment to her cheek.

"I wish I had waited until to-morrow morning before I told you my idea about Mrs. Jazeph," he said. "I have agitated you to no purpose whatever, and have spoiled your chance of a good night's rest."

"No, no! nothing of the kind. Oh, Lenny, how this guess of yours adds to the interest, the fearful, breathless interest we have in tracing that woman, and in finding out the Myrtle Room. Do you think—"

"I have done with thinking, for the night, my dear; and you must have done with it too. We have said more than enough about Mrs. Jazeph already. Change the subject, and I will talk of any thing else you please."

"It is not so easy to change the subject," said Rosamond, pouting, and moving away to walk up and down the room again.

"Then let us change the place, and make it easier that way. I know you think me the most provokingly obstinate man in the world, but there is reason in my obstinacy, and you will acknowledge as much when you wake to-morrow morning refreshed by a good night's rest. Come, let us give our anxieties a holiday. Take me into one of the other rooms, and let me try if I can guess what it is like by touching the furniture."

The reference to his blindness which the last words contained brought Rosamond to his side in a moment. "You always know best," she said, putting her arm round his neck and kissing him. "I was looking cross, love, a minute ago, but the clouds are all gone now. We will change the scene, and explore some other room, as you propose."

She paused, her eyes suddenly sparkled, her color rose, and she smiled to herself, as if some new fancy had that instant crossed her mind.

"Lenny, I will take you where you shall touch a very remarkable piece of furniture indeed," she resumed, leading him to the door while she spoke. "We will see if you can tell me at once what it is like. You must not be impatient, mind; and you must promise to touch nothing till you feel me guiding your hand."

She drew him after her along the passage, opened the door of the room in which the baby had been put to bed, made a sign to the nurse to be silent, and, leading Leonard up to the cot, guided his hand down gently, so as to let the tips of his fingers touch the child's cheek.

"There, Sir!" she cried, her face beaming with happiness as she saw the sudden flash of surprise and pleasure which changed her husband's naturally quiet, subdued expression in an instant. "What do you say to that piece of furniture? Is it a chair, or a table? Or is it the most precious thing in all the house, in all Cornwall, in all England, in all the world? Kiss it, and see which it is—a bust of a baby by a sculptor, or a living cherub by your wife!" She turned, laughing, to the nurse: "Hannah, you look so serious that I am sure you must be hungry. Have you had your supper yet?" The woman smiled, and answered that she had arranged to go down stairs, as soon as one of the servants could relieve her in taking care of the child, "Go at once," said Rosamond. "I will stop here and look after the baby. Get your supper, and come back again in half an hour."

When the nurse had left the room, Rosamond placed a chair for Leonard by the side of the cot, and seated herself on a low stool at his knees. Her variable disposition seemed to change again when she did this; her face grew thoughtful, her eyes softened, as they turned, now on her husband, now on the bed in which the child was sleeping by his side. After a minute or two of silence, she took one of his hands, placed it on his knee, and laid her cheek gently down on it.

"Lenny," she said, rather sadly, "I wonder whether we are any of us capable of feeling perfect happiness in this world?"

"What makes you ask that question, my dear?"

"I fancy that I could feel perfect happiness, and yet—"

"And yet what?"

"And yet it seems as if, with all my blessings, that blessing was never likely to be granted to me. I should be perfectly happy now, but for one little thing. I suppose you can't guess what that little thing is?"

"I would rather you told me, Rosamond."

"Ever since our child was born, love, I have had a little aching at the heart—especially when we are all three together, as we are now—a little sorrow that I can't quite put away from me, on your account."

"On my account! Lift up your head, Rosamond, and come nearer to me. I feel something on my hand which tells me that you are crying."

She rose directly, and laid her face close to his. "My own love," she said, clasping her arms fast round him. "My own heart's darling, you have never seen our child."

"Yes, Rosamond, I see him with your eyes."

"Oh, Lenny! I tell you every thing I can—I do my best to lighten the cruel, cruel darkness that shuts you out from that lovely little face lying so close to you! But can I tell you how he looks when he first begins to take notice? can I tell you all the thousand pretty things he will do when he first tries to walk? God has been very merciful to us; but oh, how much more heavily the sense of your affliction weighs on me, now when I am more to you than your wife, now when I am the mother of your child!"

"And yet that affliction ought to weigh lightly on your spirits, Rosamond; for you have made it weigh lightly on mine."

"Have I? Really and truly, have I? It is something noble to live for, Lenny, if I can live for that! It is some comfort to hear you say, as you said just now, that you see with my eyes. They shall always serve you—oh, always! always!—as faithfully as if they were your own. The veriest trifle of a visible thing that I look at with any interest you shall as good as look at, too. I might have had my own little harmless secrets, dear, with another husband; but, with you, to have even so much as a thought in secret, seems like taking the basest, the cruelest advantage of your blindness. I do love you so, Lenny! I am so much fonder of you now than I was when we were first married—I never thought I should be, but I am. You are so much handsomer to me, so much cleverer to me, so much more precious to me in every way. But I am always telling you that, am I not? Do you get tired of hearing me? No? Are you sure of that? Very, very, very sure?" She stopped, and looked at him earnestly, with a smile on her lips, and the tears still glistening in her eyes. Just then the child stirred a little in his cot, and drew her attention away. She arranged the bed-clothes over him, watched him in silence for a little while, then sat down again on the stool at Leonard's feet. "Baby has turned his face quite round toward you now," she said. "Shall I tell you exactly how he looks, and what his bed is like, and how the room is furnished?"

Without waiting for an answer, she began to describe the child's appearance and position with the marvelous minuteness of a woman's observation. While she proceeded, her elastic spirits recovered themselves, and its naturally bright, happy expression reappeared on her face. By the time the nurse returned to her post, Rosamond was talking with all her accustomed vivacity, and amusing her husband with all her accustomed success.

When they went back to the drawing-room, she opened the piano, and sat down to play. "I must give you your usual evening concert, Lenny," she said, "or I shall be talking again on the forbidden subject of the Myrtle Room."

She played some of Mr. Frankland's favorite airs, with a certain union of feeling and fancifulness in her execution of the music, which seemed to blend the charm of her own disposition with the charm of the melodies which sprang into life under her touch. After playing through the airs she could remember most easily, she ended with the Last Waltz of Weber. It was Leonard's favorite, and it was always reserved on that account to grace the close of the evening's performance.

She lingered longer than usual over the last plaintive notes of the waltz, then suddenly left the piano, and hastened across the room to the fire-place.

"Surely it has turned much colder within the last minute or two," she said, kneeling down on the rug, and holding her face and hands over the fire.

"Has it?" returned Leonard. "I don't feel any change."

"Perhaps I have caught cold," said Rosamond. "Or perhaps," she added, laughing rather uneasily, "the wind that goes before the ghostly lady of the north rooms has been blowing over me. I certainly felt something like a sudden chill, Lenny, while I was playing the last notes of Weber."

"Nonsense, Rosamond. You are over-fatigued and over-excited. Tell your maid to make you some hot wine and water, and lose no time in getting to bed."

Rosamond cowered closer over the fire. "It's lucky that I am not superstitious," she said, "or I might fancy that I was predestined to see the ghost."

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH. STANDING ON THE BRINK.

The first night at Porthgenna passed without the slightest noise or interruption of any kind. No ghost, or dream of a ghost, disturbed the soundness of Rosamond's slumbers. She woke in her usual spirits and her usual health, and was out in the west garden before breakfast.

The sky was cloudy and the wind veered about capriciously to all the points of the compass. In the course of her walk, Rosamond met with the gardener, and asked him what he thought about the weather. The man replied that it might rain again before noon, but that, unless he was very much mistaken, it was going to turn to heat in the course of the next four-and-twenty hours.

"Pray did you ever hear of a room on the north side of our old house called the Myrtle Room?" inquired Rosamond. She had resolved, on rising that morning, not to lose a chance of making the all-important discovery for want of asking questions of every body in the neighborhood; and she began with the gardener accordingly.

"I never heard tell of it, ma'am," said the man. "But it's a likely name enough, considering how the myrtles do grow in these parts."

"Are there any myrtles growing at the north side of the house?" asked Rosamond, struck with the idea of tracing the mysterious room by searching for it outside the building instead of inside. "I mean close to the walls," she added, seeing the man look puzzled, "under the windows, you know?"

"I never see any thing under the windows, in my time, but weeds and rubbish," replied the gardener.

Just then the breakfast bell rang. Rosamond returned to the house, determining to explore the north garden, and, if she found any relic of a bed of myrtles, to mark the window above it, and to have the room which that window lighted opened immediately. She confided this new scheme to her husband. He complimented her on her ingenuity, but confessed that he had no great hope of any discoveries being made out of doors after what the gardener had said about the weeds and rubbish.

As soon as breakfast was over Rosamond rang the bell to order the gardener to be in attendance, and to say that the keys of the north rooms would be wanted. The summons was answered by Mr. Frankland's servant, who brought up with him the morning's supplies of letters which the postman had just delivered. Rosamond turned them over eagerly, pounced on one with an exclamation of delight, and said to her husband—"The Long Beckley postmark! News from the vicar, at last!"

She opened the letter and ran her eye over it, then suddenly dropped it in her lap with her face all in a glow. "Lenny!" she exclaimed, "there is news here that is positively enough to turn one's head. I declare the vicar's letter has quite taken away my breath!"

"Read it," said Mr. Frankland, "pray read it at once."

Rosamond complied with the request in a very faltering, unsteady voice. Doctor Chennery began his letter by announcing that his application to Andrew Treverton had remained unanswered; but he added that it had, nevertheless, produced results which no one could possibly have anticipated. For information on the subject of those results, he referred Mr. and Mrs. Frankland to a copy subjoined of a communication marked private, which he had received from his man of business in London. The communication contained a detailed report of an interview which had taken place between Mr. Treverton's servant and the messenger who had called for an answer to Doctor Chennery's letter. It described the circumstances (as coolly related by Shrowl himself) under which the copy of the plan of the north rooms had been made, and it announced the copyist's readiness to part with the document for the consideration of a five-pound note. In a postscript it was further stated that the messenger had seen the transcribed plan, and had ascertained that it really exhibited the positions of doors, staircases, and rooms, with the names attached to them, and that it presented the appearance—as far as internal evidence went—of being fairly copied from a genuine original.

Resuming his own letter, Doctor Chennery proceeded to say that he must now leave it entirely to Mr. and Mrs. Frankland to decide what course they ought to adopt. He had already compromised himself a little in his own estimation, by assuming a character which really did not belong to him, when he made his application to Andrew Treverton; and he felt that he could personally venture no further in the affair, either by expressing an opinion or giving any advice, now that it had assumed such a totally new aspect. He felt quite sure that his young friends would arrive at the wise and the right decision, after they had maturely considered the matter in all its bearings. In that conviction, he had instructed his man of business not to stir in the affair until he had heard from Mr. Frankland, and to be guided entirely by any directions which that gentleman might give.

"Directions!" exclaimed Rosamond, crumpling up the letter in a high state of excitement as soon as she had read to the end of it. "All the directions we may have to give may be written in a minute and read in a second! What in the world does the vicar mean by talking about mature consideration? Of course," cried Rosamond, looking, womanlike, straight on to the purpose she had in view, without wasting a thought on the means by which it was to be achieved—"Of course we give the man his five-pound note and get the plan by return of post!"

Mr. Frankland shook his head, gravely. "Quite impossible," he said. "If you think for a moment, my dear, you will surely see that it is out of the question to traffic with a servant for information that has been surreptitiously obtained from his master's library."

"Oh, dear! dear! don't say that!" pleaded Rosamond, looking quite aghast at the view her husband took of the matter. "What harm are we doing, if we give the man his five pounds? He has only made a copy of the plan. He has not stolen any thing."

"He has stolen information, according to my idea of it," said Leonard.

"Well, but if he has," persisted Rosamond, "what harm does it do to his master? In my opinion his master deserves to have the information stolen, for not having had the common politeness to send it to the vicar. We must have the plan—Oh, Lenny, don't shake your head, please!—we must have it, you know we must! What is the use of being scrupulous with an old wretch (I must call him so, though he *is* my uncle) who won't conform to the commonest usages of society? You can't deal with him—and I am sure the vicar would say so, if he was here—as you would with civilized people, or people in their senses, which every body says he is not. What use is the plan of the north rooms to him? And, besides, if it is of any use, he has got the original; so his information is not stolen, after all, because he has got it the whole time—has he not, dear?"

"Rosamond! Rosamond!" said Leonard, smiling at his wife's transparent sophistries, "you are trying to reason like a Jesuit."

"I don't care who I reason like, love, as long as I get the plan."

Mr. Frankland still shook his head. Finding her arguments of no avail, Rosamond wisely resorted to the immemorial weapon of her sex—Persuasion; using it at such close quarters and to such good purpose, that she finally won her husband's reluctant consent to a species of compromise which granted her leave to give directions for purchasing the copied plan, on one condition. This condition was, that they should send back the plan to Mr. Treverton as soon as it had served their purpose; making a full acknowledgment to him of the manner in which it had been obtained, and pleading in justification of the proceeding his own want of courtesy in withholding information of no consequence in itself, which any one else in his place would have communicated as a matter of course. Rosamond tried hard to obtain the withdrawal, or modification, of this condition; but her husband's sensitive pride was not to be touched, on that point, with impunity, even by her light hand. "I have done too much violence already to my own convictions," he said, "and I will now do no more. If we are to degrade ourselves by dealing with this servant, let us at least prevent him from claiming us as his accomplices. Write in my name, Rosamond, to Doctor Chennery's man of business, and say that we are willing to purchase the transcribed plan, on the condition that I have stated—which condition he will of course place before the servant in the plainest possible terms."

"And suppose the servant refuses to risk losing his place, which he must do if he accepts your condition?" said Rosamond, going rather reluctantly to the writing-table.

"Let us not worry ourselves, my dear, by supposing any thing. Let us wait and hear what happens, and act accordingly. When you are ready to write, tell me, and I will dictate your letter on this occasion. I wish to make the vicar's man of business understand that we act as we do, knowing, in the first place, that Mr. Andrew Treverton can not be dealt with according to the established usages of society; and knowing, in the second place, that the information which his servant offers to us is contained in an extract from a printed book, and is in no way, directly or indirectly, connected with Mr. Treverton's private affairs. Now that you have made me consent to this compromise, Rosamond, I must justify it as completely as possible to others as well as to myself."

Seeing that his resolution was firmly settled, Rosamond had tact enough to abstain from saying any thing more. The letter was written exactly as Leonard dictated it. When it had been placed in the post-bag, and when the other letters of the morning had been read and answered, Mr. Frankland reminded his wife of the intention she had expressed at breakfast-time of visiting the north garden, and requested that she would take him there with her. He candidly acknowledged that since he had been made acquainted with Doctor Chennery's letter, he would give five times the sum demanded by Shrowl for the copy of the plan, if the Myrtle Room could be discovered, without assistance from any one, before the letter to the vicar's man of business was put into the post. Nothing would give him so much pleasure, he said, as to be able to throw it into the fire, and to send a plain refusal to treat for the plan in its place.

They went into the north garden, and there Rosamond's own eyes convinced her that she had not the slightest chance of discovering any vestige of a myrtle-bed near any one of the windows. From the garden they returned to the house, and had the door opened that led into the north hall.

They were shown the place on the pavement where the keys had been found, and the place at the top of the first flight of stairs where Mrs. Jazeph had been discovered when the alarm was given. At Mr. Frankland's suggestion, the door of the room which immediately fronted this spot was opened. It presented a dreary spectacle of dust and dirt and dimness. Some old pictures were piled against one of the walls, some tattered chairs were heaped together in the middle of the floor, some broken china lay on the mantle-piece, and a rotten cabinet, cracked through from top to bottom, stood in one corner. These few relics of the furnishing and fitting-up of the room were all carefully examined, but nothing of the smallest importance—nothing tending in the most remote degree to clear up the mystery of the Myrtle Room—was discovered. Mr. Frankland next suggested that there might be marks of footsteps on the dusty floor of the landing, but nothing of the sort could be found. Matting had been laid down over the floor at some former period, and the surface, torn, ragged and rotten with age, was too uneven in every part to allow the dust to lie smoothly on it. Here and there, where there was a hole through to the boards of the landing, Mr. Frankland's servant thought he detected marks in the dust which might have been produced by the toe or the heel of a shoe; but these faint and doubtful indications lay yards and yards apart from each other, and to draw any conclusion of the slightest importance from them was simply and plainly impossible. After spending more than an hour in examining the north side of the house, Rosamond was obliged to confess that the servants were right when they predicted, on first opening the door into the hall, that she would discover nothing.

"The letter must go, Lenny," she said, when they returned to the breakfast-room.

"There is no help for it," answered her husband. "Send away the post-bag, and let us say no more about it."

The letter was dispatched by that day's post. In the remote position of Porthgenna, and in the unfinished state of the railroad at that time, two days would elapse before an answer from London could be reasonably hoped for. Feeling that it would be better for Rosamond if this period of suspense was passed out of the house, Mr. Frankland proposed to fill up the time by a little excursion along the coast to some places famous for their scenery, which would be likely to interest his wife, and which she might occupy herself pleasantly in describing on the spot for the benefit of her blind husband. This suggestion was immediately acted on. The young couple left Porthgenna, and only returned on the evening of the second day.

On the morning of the third day, the longed-for letter from the vicar's man of business lay on the table when Leonard and Rosamond entered the breakfast-room. Shrowl had decided to accept Mr. Frankland's condition—first, because he held that any man must be out of his senses who refused a five-pound note when it was offered to him; secondly, because he believed that his master was too absolutely dependent on him to turn him away for any cause whatever. Accordingly, the bargain had been struck in five minutes, and there was the copy of the plan, inclosed with the letter of explanation, to attest the fact!

Rosamond spread the all-important document out on the table with trembling hands, looked it over eagerly for a few moments, and laid her finger on the square that represented the position of the Myrtle Room. "Here it is!" she cried. "Oh, Lenny, how my heart beats! One, two, three, four—the fourth door on the first floor landing is the door of the Myrtle Room!"

She would have called at once for the keys of the north rooms; but her husband insisted on her waiting until she had composed herself a little, and until she had taken some breakfast. In spite of all he could say, the meal was hurried over so rapidly, that in ten minutes more his wife's arm was in his, and she was leading him to the stair-case.

The gardener's prognostication about the weather had been verified; it had turned to heat—heavy, misty, vaporous, dull heat. One white quivering fog-cloud spread thinly over all the heaven, rolled down seaward on the horizon line, and dulled the sharp edges of the distant moorland view. The sunlight shone pale and trembling; the lightest, highest leaves of flowers at open windows were still; the domestic animals lay about sleepily in dark corners. Chance household noises sounded heavy and loud in the languid airless stillness which the heat seemed to hold over the earth. Down in the servants' hall the usual bustle of morning work was suspended. When Rosamond looked in, on her way to the housekeeper's room to get the keys, the women were fanning themselves, and the men were sitting with their coats off. They were all talking peevishly about the heat, and all agreeing that such a day as that, in the month of June, they had never known and never heard of before.

Rosamond took the keys, declined the housekeeper's offer to accompany her, and, leading her husband along the passages, unlocked the door of the north hall.

"How unnaturally cool it is here!" she said, as they entered the deserted place.

At the foot of the stairs she stopped, and took a firmer hold of her husband's arm.

"Is any thing the matter?" asked Leonard. "Is the change to the damp coolness of this place affecting you in any way?"

"No, no," she answered, hastily. "I am far too excited to feel either heat or damp, as I might feel them at other times. But, Lenny, supposing your guess about Mrs. Jazeph is right?—"

"Yes?"

"And, supposing we discover the secret of the Myrtle Room, might it not turn out to be something concerning my father or my mother which we ought not to know? I thought of that, when Mrs. Pentreath offered to accompany us, and it determined me to come here alone with you."

"It is just as likely that the secret might be something we ought to know," replied Mr. Frankland, after a moment's thought. "In any case, my idea about Mrs. Jazeph is, after all, only a guess in the dark. However, Rosamond, if you feel any hesitation—"

"No! come what may of it, Lenny, we can't go back now. Give me your hand again. We have traced the mystery thus far, together; and together we will find it out."

She ascended the stair-case, leading him after her, as she spoke. On the landing, she looked again at the plan, and satisfied herself that the first impression she had derived from it, of the position of the Myrtle Room, was correct. She counted the doors on to the fourth, and looked out from the bunch the key numbered "4," and put it into the lock.

Before she turned it she paused, and looked round at her husband.

He was standing by her side, with his patient face turned expectantly toward the door. She put her right hand on the key, turned it slowly in the lock, drew him closer to her with her left hand, and paused again.

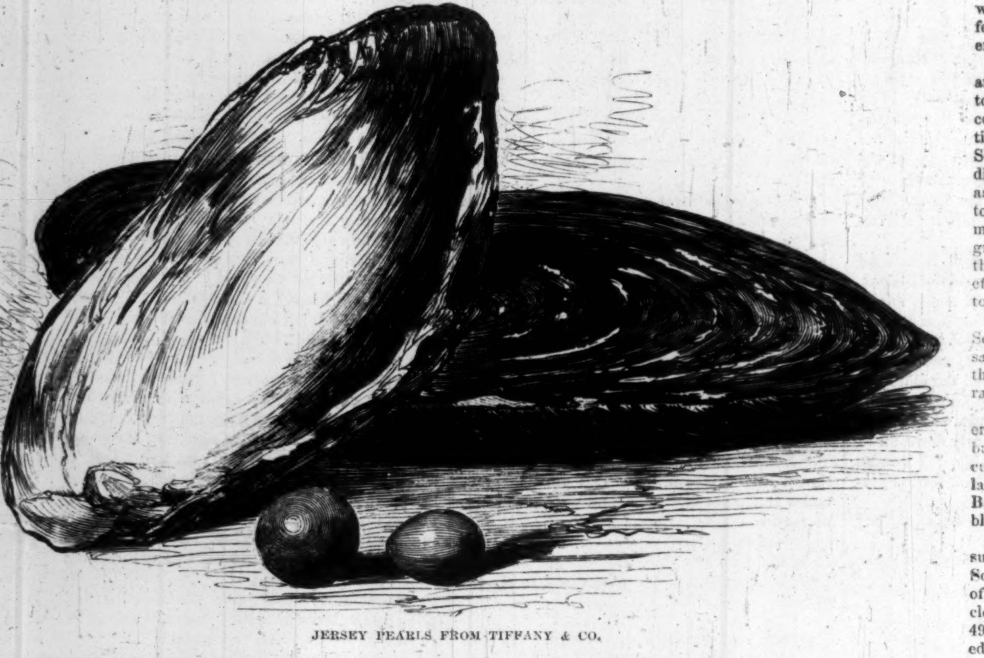
"I don't know what has come to me," she whispered, faintly. "I feel as if I was afraid to push open the door."

"Your hand is cold, Rosamond. Wait a little—lock the door again—put it off till another day."

He felt his wife's fingers close tighter and tighter on his hand, while he said those words. Then there was an instant—one memorable, breathless instant, never to be forgotten afterward—of utter silence. Then he heard the sharp, cracking sound of the opening door, and felt himself drawn forward suddenly into a changed atmosphere, and knew that Rosamond and he were in the Myrtle Room.

JERSEY PEARLS.

The accompanying cut represents some of the finest of the pearls which have been obtained from muscles in the State of New Jersey. We are indebted to the politeness of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., jewelers, to whom they belong, for the sketch from which our cut was taken.



JERSEY PEARLS FROM TIFFANY & CO.

In a late number of this paper (No. 15) we gave some details of the pearl fishery in the Persian Gulf, and intimated that it was likely that British capital would be brought to bear on the deserted pearl banks off the island of Karrack, with the possible result of a large increase in the production of pearls. Our Jersey friends seem to have got the start of the Englishmen, without filibustering expeditions into their neighbors' territory.

It appears that the first Jersey pearl discovered was found by accident in the mouth of a Paterson cobbler, named David Howell. He had collected a number of muscles for supper, and cooked them; one of them contained a hard substance which resisted Mr. Howell's jaws, and was consequently reserved for a higher fate than mastication. Laid before a jeweler it was pronounced to have been a pearl worth $25,000, now destroyed by the cooking it had undergone. Mr. Howell, being a philosopher, consoled himself for the fortune he had boiled away in the pot by prosecuting the business of pearl fishing; people will be glad to know that he has been rewarded by the discovery of several pearls of respectable value.

The largest pearl found was fished up by a carpenter, named Quackenboss. It is the largest of these represented in the cut, and was purchased by Tiffany & Co., for $900: it is to be sent to Paris, where it is expected to sell for a much larger sum. Many others have been disposed of by their finders at prices ranging from $50 to $150.

The "placer" that has been the most productive hitherto has been the Rock Road Brook, about four miles from Paterson, New Jersey; but pearls have also been found in several other brooks in the vicinity. The shells which bear pearls are mostly common muscles, which at full growth are from four to six inches long; but one of the finest pearls has been found in a common clam. The pearls vary in size from the one represented in the cut to a pin's head; they are various colors, black, gray, white, and rainbow-tinted.

The foreign pearl which comes from the Persian Gulf and Ceylon fisheries, is found in a species of oyster called by scientific men the *avicula margaritifera*. It is fished at great depths by divers, who contract horrible diseases from their arduous calling, and seldom survive their apprenticeship over four or five years. Our Jersey pearls are more easily got at. The fishers wade in water a foot deep, and scrape with their hands in the mud for the bivalves—a dirty, though at this season by no means an unhealthy, occupation.

As some of our Jersey friends seem rather excited about this pearl affair, it may be as well to inform them that the discovery of pearls in oysters, clams, and almost every variety of shell-fish, is quite an old story. In olden times Great Britain was so famous for its pearls that Pliny called it the "pearly isle," and fishmongers throughout Europe preserve on show pearls which they have obtained from oysters or other shell-fish. The Panama pearl banks, which used to be the great fishery, and from which, perhaps, the most valuable known pearl was obtained two hundred years ago, and the Ceylon and Persian pearl banks, which yield the bulk of the pearls now brought to market, apparently offer a more regular supply than other localities; but wherever shell-fish are there pearls are sure to exist.

Alas! for the rarity of Christian charity! Every pearl that decks beauty's brow or glistens on beauty's breast is a monument of excruciating agony, a mound of tears. For pearls are but coagulated tears which an afflicted shell-fish weeps over a wound. The cruel divers of the Indian seas devilishly bore holes in the shell of healthy fish, well knowing that the poor tormented creature will weep a glistening pearl on the sore place; and a scarcely less cruel fate sometimes achieves the same end by introducing a grain of sand into the shell, and causing it to adhere to the mother-of-pearl. The horrible sufferings of the geese which—M. Soyer to the contrary, notwithstanding—are sacrificed to the production of *pâtés de foie gras* are nothing to the lengthened misery of the unhappy oyster, muscle or clam which produces a pearl of fine price.

AMERICAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

We take this occasion, in the midst of the week of Anniversaries, to present a sketch of some of the principal societies whose object is the advancement of religion in our own country and through the world. The list by no means embraces all, not even half, of the institutions laboriously and successfully engaged in the same work. We have seized upon the more prominent of those whose annual meetings have just been held in our own city.

It is a striking and suggestive fact that Luther and Guttenberg should have lived so nearly at the same period, so that when the one declared the right of all men to examine for themselves the oracles of truth, the other brought forward the only means by which it could be made available. And it was in keeping with this that the first book printed should be the Bible. It was in 1450, and twenty-six copies are still extant, though long since choicely stowed away in the dim alcoves of old-world libraries. But it was not until a much later period that any agencies were set on foot for making the circulation of the Scriptures general. The chief instrumentality for extending the use of the English Bible was the "Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge," instituted in 1698, and confined "to those well affected to his Majesty and his government, and to the Church of England as by law established." And it was on March 7, 1804, that the "British and Foreign Bible Society," the first of those colossal charities which mark the age, was founded at the London Tavern, on Bishopsgate Street, at a meeting where three hundred were present, and about $3500 subscribed as a basis of operations.

The first foreign Bible Society was instituted at Nuremburg in 1804, now called the German Bible Society. In 1805, a society was established at Berlin, known as the Prussian Bible Society, and in 1813 the Russian Bible Society was founded by order of the Emperor Alexander, but suspended on the accession of Nicholas, with all its auxiliaries, which had increased to the number of 289. There are now societies in France and Switzerland, in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and in Holland and Belgium. In Italy, the efforts which have been made have had to encounter a spirit of persecution which recalls the tragic record of an earlier age; and in the romantic pages of George Borrow we have been made familiar with the difficulties which surround the introduction of the Bible into Spain.

It is difficult to estimate the extent of the operations of the "British and Foreign Bible Society," and the array of figures which passes before us in the detail of their transactions is bewildering even to the imagination. Says Anderson, "The number of English Bibles and New Testaments which have passed through the press within the perfect recollection of many now living has exceeded the number of souls in Britain. It has been more than double the entire population in 1801."

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

Was instituted May 8, 1816. Its first President was the Hon. Elias Boudinot, of New Jersey. The chairman of the committee to draft its constitution was the Rev. Dr. Nott, of Union College. No other society has had men more eminent connected with it. Among its founders were statesmen like Adams and Jay, who felt that upon the Bible depended the true idea of the commonwealth, and great lawyers like Story and Greenleaf, who found that in that alone were the principles of law merged into the immutable decrees. Among its secretaries have been Drs. John M. Mason, J. B. Romeyn, James Milnor, Selah S. Woodhull, Thomas M'Auley, Nathan Bangs, Spencer H. Cone. The present secretaries are John C. Brigham, D.D., J. Holdich, D.D., and Rev. J. H. M'Neill. Dr. Brigham has been with the Society from its incipiency to the present day. He has grown old in its service. A man of great practical wisdom and good sense, a faithful and laborious officer, slow but safe, he has always held the confidence of the Christian public, and through the most trying periods he has guided the affairs of the Society with prudence and success. He has traversed nearly every State in the Union. He has made extensive journeys into South America, crossed the ocean and explored the Continent of Europe, in the work to which his life has been devoted. His friends will recognize his strongly-marked features in our portrait of this venerable secretary.

In the years 1829 and 1830 great and systematic efforts were made to supply every family in the whole country, which should be found destitute, with a copy of the sacred Scriptures. The whole land was divided into districts, and they were assigned to different men, who were to go from house to house. Very much was done; but so rapid is the growth of the population, and so great the accession of foreigners, that such efforts must be repeated from year to year.

It is a suggestive fact that the Society does not interfere with the sale of Bibles by the booksellers, either here or in Britain, but that is rather increased.

The Society does not confine its operations to the United States alone, but is allied with the societies prosecuting the same work in foreign lands. It has also published the Bible in raised characters for the blind.

The entire number of volumes issued since the organization of the Society is 12,061,912. The number of Bibles issued during the year just closed is 244,000, and of Testaments 495,000. The receipts have amounted to $442,167 51. It may be of interest to give the source of this, as illustrating the liberality of different sections in a charity on which all are united:

Maine........	$3,144 00	Wisconsin....	$5,581 94
N. Hampshire.	4,494 23	Iowa..........	3,963 29
Vermont......	4,294 96	Mississippi ...	3,766 45
Massachusetts.	48,229 71	Kentucky	6,683 74
Rhode Island.	2,540 38	Tennessee....	7,331 31
Connecticut...	18,465 98	Alabama.....	4,169 29
New York....	141,778 20	Missouri......	2,326 09
New Jersey...	14,611 86	Arkansas.....	4,529 48
Pennsylvania.	30,171 38	Louisiana....	4,800 00
Delaware.....	498 41	Texas........	5,076 44
Maryland	15,291 59	California....	2,253 45
Ohio..........	23,331 29	Oregon......	1,101 86
Dist. of Col...	886 02	Minnesota....	839 63
Virginia......	10,857 76	Nebraska.....	5 00
North Carolina	5,131 10	Canada	257 22
South Carolina	6,875 98	South America	355 10
Georgia......	6,623 91	Sandwich Isl..	1,260 00
Florida.......	1,279 25	India.........	36 03
Michigan.....	3,745 92	China........	1 00
Indiana	7,760 06	Syria	15 22
Illinois.......	37,845 72	South Africa..	126 55

The growth of the Society is well illustrated by their different depositories, and the localities which they have occupied. When the Society began its operations, it occupied a second-story room at the corner of Nassau and Cedar streets. The books were then removed to a building in Cliff Street, occupied by Mr. Fanshaw, who executed the Society's printing; then a building was hired in Sloat Lane (now Hanover Street), near the Exchange. The rear room of the first floor, being about twenty feet square, was occupied as a depository, and the agent is remembered to have expressed his belief that he would yet see that room entirely filled with Bibles. In May, 1822, a building was erected for the Society on Nassau Street, at a cost of $22,500. But this being soon found to be too small, the present spacious and elegant structure in Astor Place was devised. The corner-stone was laid on the 29th of June, 1851; it was completed at an expense of about $250,000.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

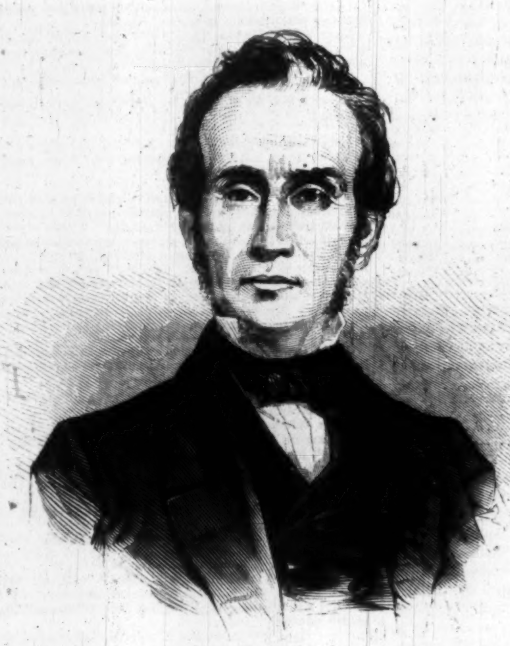
In the year 1809 several young men, preparing for the ministry at Andover, agreed to unite in establishing a mission in some foreign land. Their course was approved by the Faculty, to whom they referred; and in 1810 four of them—Samuel J. Mills, Adoniram Judson, Samuel Newell, and Samuel Nott—presented their purpose to the General Association of Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts. On the 29th of June following, the Association elected a Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, consisting of nine persons. In the early part of September of the same year it held its first meeting.

The object of the Association is defined in the Act of Incorporation, granted by the Legislature of Massachusetts, "the propagation of the Gospel in heathen lands, by supporting missionaries and diffusing a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures." It is managed chiefly by a Prudential Committee, one-third of the members of which must be laymen, and one-third clergymen; the remainder may be either lay or cleric. The number of corporate members is 209, residing in twenty States of the Union, who have charge of its finances. There is a large body of honorary members, amounting at present to nearly ten thousand, who share equally in the deliberations, but do not vote, inasmuch as this would interfere with the Act of Incorporation. A third class consists of corresponding members, who are of other countries, and elected by ballot.

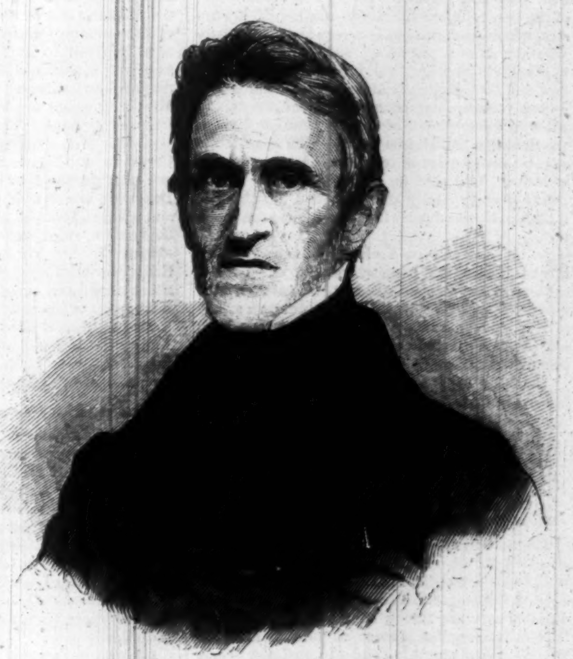
The first ordination of missionaries took place at Salem, Massachusetts, February 6, 1812. These were Newell, Hall, Judson, Nott, and Rice. Of these, Rice and Judson went to Calcutta, the rest to Bombay.

The Board does not regard any of its missions as permanent institutions. Its purpose is to impart the life of the Gospel where it does not exist, and leave it independent and self-subsistent to the conservative institutions that shall gather around it. In the report adopted at its last meeting, it defines its ends as embracing the "conversion of lost men, organizing them into churches, giving those churches a competent native ministry, and conducting them to the stage of independence, and, in most cases, of self-propagation." The agencies which it referred to in the same paper, by which it sought to accomplish this work, were "oral preaching, education, and the press."

Its President is the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuy-



HON. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.



J. C. BRIGHAM, D.D.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

sen. He is a citizen whose reputation is national. He has been a distinguished Senator of the United States from New Jersey, his native State; and was the Whig candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with Mr. Clay in 1844. At that time he was Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, and now he is President of Rutgers' College, at New Brunswick, New Jersey. His portrait, painted at full length by Mr. Schlegel, is one of the ornaments of the Chancellor's room in the University on Washington Square. We give a picture of Mr. Frelinghuysen in our paper to-day.

Among the secretaries of the American Board have been Jeremiah Everts, Esq., Rev. Drs. Samuel Worcester, E. Cornelius, Rufus Anderson, B. B. Wisner, Daniel Green, W. J. Armstrong, S. B. Treat, and S. L. Pomeroy; and its Prudential Committee consists of Hon. W. J. Hubbard, W. T. Eustis, John Aikin, D. Safford, and Drs. Nehemiah Adams, A. C. Thompson, Isaac Ferris, A. D. Smith, and Charles Stoddard, John Tappan, Henry Hill, and W S. Griffiths.

The receipts for the last year were $307,318 69, and the expenditures, for the same period, were $323,000 49, leaving a deficiency of $15,681 80. During the last financial year there were issued of the *Missionary Herald*, its principal organ, 211,000 copies, and of other publications enough to make a total of 764,240 copies.

It has at present under its charge 29 different missions, 124 stations, and 20 out-stations. It employs in its different operations:

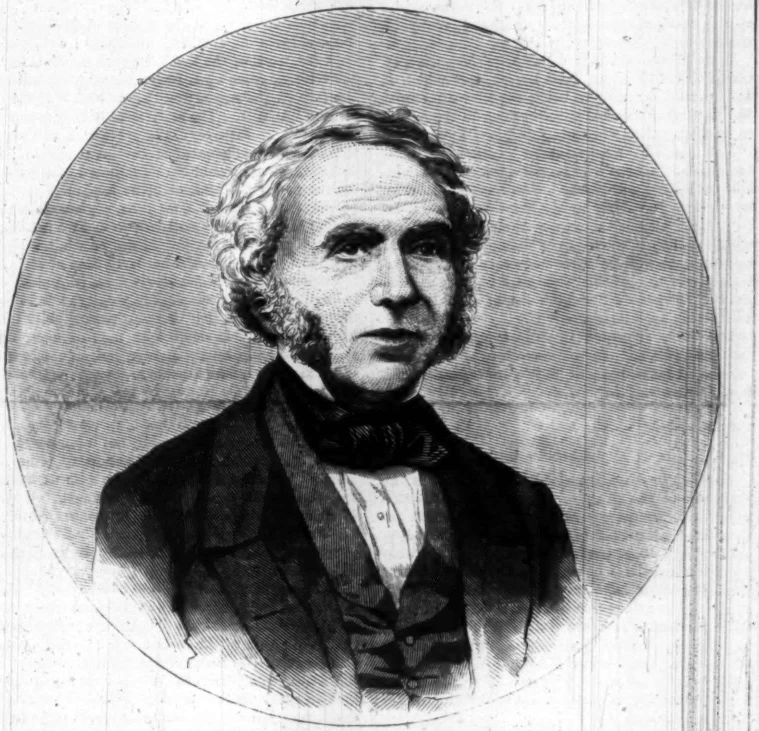
Ordained Missionaries	154
Licentiates	2
Physicians (not ordained)	6
Other male assistants	15
Female assistants	197
Whole number of laborers sent out	374
Native pastors	13
Native preachers	63
Native helpers	270
Whole number of native helpers	346
Number of churches	119
Number of church members	26,903
Number added during the year	1,626
Number of seminaries	7
Number of other boarding-schools	23
Number of free schools	694
Number of pupils in seminaries	343
Number of pupils in boarding-schools	686
Number of pupils in free schools	18,317

THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

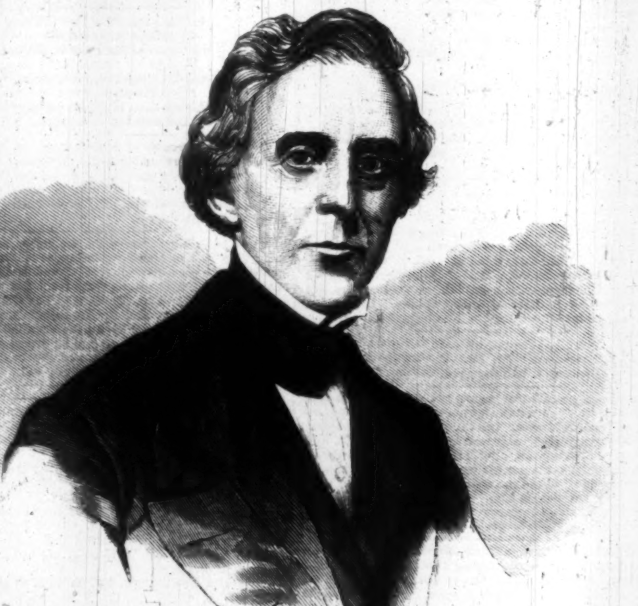
This Society was organized in 1817. Its founders were the late Rev. Dr. Finley, Rev. Samuel J. Mills, and Hon. Elias B. Caldwell. Its purpose, as given in the second article of its constitution, was "to promote and execute a plan of colonizing (with their consent) the free people of color residing in our country, in Africa, or such other place as Congress shall deem most expedient." The intention of its founders was to place the colored man in circumstances where he might acquire that real independence of station and character, and consequently that equality in social life, which he had not in a white population.

Soon after the Society's organization it sent the Rev. Messrs. Mills and Burgess to explore the west coast of Africa, and select a site for the proposed colony. The first expedition failed in attempting to form a settlement at Sherbro. Two years afterward a settlement was made at Liberia, and the company now holds the entire coast from Cape Mount on the north to Cape Palmas on the south, and extending about 300 miles in length. Monrovia, the chief town, has a convenient port, and seven or eight villages running further up into the interior have also been located.

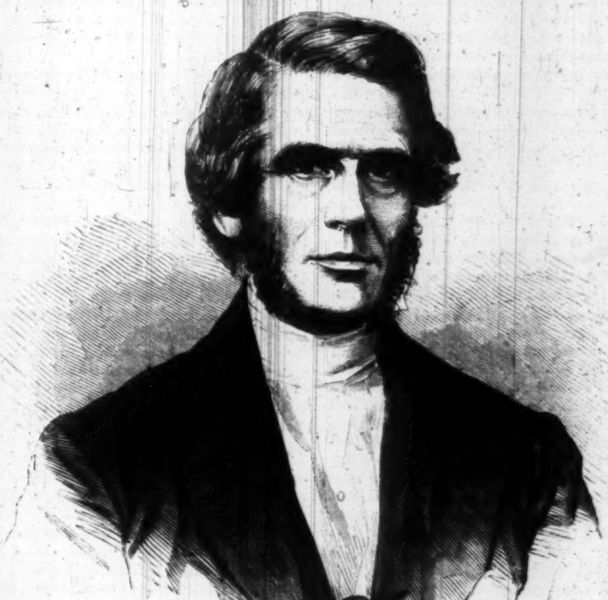
The Society has auxiliaries in many of the States of the Union. One of the most efficient of these is the New York State Colonization Society, whose seat is in this city, and whose Secretary is the Rev. J. B. Pinney. This gentleman has devoted his whole life to the work. He has been upon the grounds as Governor of Liberia, and endured hardship as a colonist, while studying the resources, capabilities, and wants of that field. His energy, enterprise, wisdom, and tact have made him a successful officer abroad and at home. His character is very strongly marked in the portrait we present.



ROBERT BAIRD, D.D.



REV. WILLIAM A. HALLOCK.



REV. J. B. PINNEY.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

Toward the close of the last century, Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, England, established the first Sunday-school conducted on the present system; and the rare advantages which have followed from it have now made it co-extensive with Protestant Christendom. It is based upon one of the noblest principles of our nature, that all things have their beginning in childhood, and has been strengthened by the conviction that Christianity will march through the gates of childhood to conquer the world.

The first Sunday-school established in the United States was connected with the Methodists, a body who have shown the finest tact and judgment in always availing themselves of every means of usefulness, however humble. Early in the present century schools began to be generally established, and in furtherance of this the *American Sunday-school Union* was organized in 1823. The Board of Managers is composed of laymen of the different denominations, and the centre of the Society's operations is in Philadelphia. Its purpose is two-fold—to establish Sunday-schools where needed, and to prepare and publish suitable books for manuals in schools and reading at home.

In 1830 the Society determined to institute a school in every neighborhood without one in the Western States, and throughout the Valley of the Mississippi; and three years after it adopted the same resolution with regard to the Southern States. Both called forth great efforts. Large sums were collected, and many schools established.

Every year since its organization the Society has employed a large number of agents and missionaries—in some years as many as 60 and 70. Including the students of seminaries and colleges, it often exceeds this. Last year there were over 350 employed, of whom about 250 were students. It has published over 825 volumes of books for libraries—complete sets of which will cost $145. The proceeds from the sale of books is about $185,000 a year. If we add the value of books for Sunday-schools purchased from booksellers, and also those sold by denominational societies, we shall have a sum more than double this as the cost of books purchased in one year for Sunday-school libraries. These societies, connected respectively with the Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, and Lutherans, are highly effective in their spheres of operation, and the series put forth by the Methodist Book Concern alone nearly equals that of the American Sunday-school Union.

F. A. Packard, Esq., of Philadelphia, is the efficient, judicious, and able editor of the publications of the American Sunday-school Union. He is a man of wide philanthropy, and largely engaged in the promotion of works of practical benevolence.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

It was instituted in 1825. Its President is the Hon. Thomas L. Williams, of Connecticut. Its secretaries are the Revs. Wm. A. Hallock, O. Eastman, and R. S. Cook. It is based on the broad principles of uniting all denominations, so far as they may wish to unite, in its support. In the theory on which it rests, it is catholic, and not sectarian; it is national, and not sectional. Its Committee of Publication is carefully chosen to represent the different denominations.

Two great measures it has prosecuted with eminent zeal and success. The one is the diffusion of the best religious literature—the old Bible classics, which are furnished at a very low rate to those who are able to purchase; and, by an extended system of colportage, are given freely to the poor and destitute, especially among the frontier people and those occupying the mountainous districts, and the thinly-settled belt of country running through the Southern and Middle States. The other is the regular distribution of tracts in cities, towns, and villages. The plan is, to place a tract in the hands of every family at least once a month, and, if advisable, accompany it with religious conversation.

In the city of New York this scheme has been attended with the happiest results. Generally, each ward has a superintendent, who oversees the distribution. This superintendent receives a salary of $600, and for some years sixteen superintendents have been supported by the same number of Christian merchants.

The following is a summary of what was accomplished in this way during one year:

1650 average number of distributors.
732,155 tracts distributed.
936 Bibles and 558 Testaments supplied to the destitute.
4196 volumes lent from ward libraries.
2200 children gathered into Sunday-schools.
315 children gathered into public schools.
705 temperance pledges signed.
306 persons converted.

The Society has published 2053 different works, of which 421 are volumes of larger or smaller size. It has sent out books in the French, German, and Spanish languages. The *American Messenger* and *Child's Paper* are among its regular circulations. Of the former, the present circulation is about 190,000 copies monthly, and of the latter about 305,000.

During the last year they printed 1,077,000 volumes, 9,628,000 publications, 309,089,500 pages. The total amount circulated since the formation of the Society is 11,353,811 volumes, 168,108,276 publications, 4,220,441,081 pages.

The number of colporteurs engaged in the service of the Society during the last year was 662, of whom one-fourth labored almost exclusively among foreigners. The number of families reached by colportage during the last fifteen years is 5,097,652—a number exceeding the total number of families in the United States, according to the census of 1850. During the last year, the whole number of families found destitute of all religious books except the Bible was 46,216, or nearly one in every fourteen visited; and 30,287 families were living without the word of God, or one in every twenty-one visited.

This institution has also its parallel in Great Britain in the London Tract Society, whose receipts for the last year amounted to $417,208, and whose total issues in 56 years and 112 languages and dialects amount to 673,000,000 publications.

The Rev. Dr. Hallock, whose portrait is among our illustrations this week, is a venerable and devoted man, who has been with the institution from its beginning, and will die in the harness. While his associates, Messrs. Eastman and Cook, are keeping the great wheels of this machinery in motion, he prepares books and tracts for the press, and supervises their publication. It demands great judgment and patience to discharge his trust, and few men have been more uniformly successful in so delicate a service.

THE AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Very soon after the close of the Revolution, societies were formed in Massachusetts and Connecticut for the purpose of sending missionaries to "the West," by which they meant the western part of this State. To them the "far West" was the northern part of Ohio, where frontier settlements had just begun to appear. Upon them the vision of that field, itself a great centre of Christianity and civilization, had not yet dawned. In the year 1819 two societies were formed by the Presbyterians and Reformed Dutch in this city for the same purpose, and in 1826 they were united into one body, called now the "American Home Missionary Society."

It did not struggle, as have many, through a doubtful infancy, but rose to an immediate success. At its first meeting in 1827, it reported that during the year just closed it had employed 169 ministers, who had labored in 196 congregations, its receipts for the same time amounting to $20,031.

It would be pleasant to trace the growing history of the Society, as it has kept pace with the flow of population that has poured westward, sending its agents into every field where the spirit of enterprise and of commerce, the promise of the riches of an original soil, or the newly-discovered wealth of an El Dorado, had tempted the hardy pioneer.

In the year ending May, 1835, the Society employed 719 agents and missionaries, who labored in 1050 congregations and districts. The persons added by them to the churches that year were 5000, and in their Sunday-schools were gathered about 40,000 scholars. Their receipts reached the sum of $88,863. Let us turn to the condition of the Society as presented in their last Report. The number of ministers of the Gospel is 986, and the number of congregations and districts supplied regularly, or where preaching has been given at stated intervals, is 1965. Ten missionaries have been sent out as pastors of churches for colored people, and fifty-nine have preached in foreign languages. The number of Sabbath-school scholars connected with the churches has risen to 60,000. The additions to the churches have been 5602. Fifty-six churches have been organized, and fifty have attained so much strength as to need no further care. Forty-eight houses of worship have been completed, thirty repaired or improved, and fifty-six are in process of erection. The receipts have amounted to $210,353 81.

The Society's total receipts during the first thirty years of its existence, closing last May, were $3,102,048 77, and the whole number added to churches 137,941. The total years of labor had amounted to 17,296. It has sent its laborers into every field, from the mouth of the St. Croix to the Golden Gate of California. Nearly one-half of the existing churches of New England have been indebted to its fostering care. During its first year it sustained the only minister of the denominations connected with it in the Territory of Michigan, where now it can count 200 churches as fruits of its labor. Less than twenty-four years ago, the first congregation ever assembled for Christian worship on the shores of Lake Michigan was gathered by a missionary of it at Fort Dearborn, where now stands the city of Chicago, and within a circle of 150 miles radius, drawn from that centre, stands 400 churches planted by its instrumentality. These new churches become, in times, the great agencies of its power, and already about 1000 have passed from the list of beneficiaries to that of patrons.

Its President is Henry Dwight, Esq., of Geneva. Among its secretaries have been Drs. Absalom Peters, Charles Hall, and Milton Badger, and Revs. D. B. Coe and Daniel P. Noyes.

THE AMERICAN SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

The first systematic efforts to bring religious influence to operate upon sailors was made in 1812 at Boston, and so deep an interest has been created at almost every port along the sea-board, that, in 1827, the Seaman's Friend Society was instituted at New York, and has now the chief control of the movement. Its object is to improve the social and moral condition of seamen by preaching to them the Gospel, and promoting in every port boarding-houses of good character, savings' banks, register offices, libraries, museums, reading-rooms, and schools.

Chapels for seamen have been opened by it at Havre, Canton, Valparaiso, Sydney, Honolulu, Panama, Aspinwall, Rio Janeiro, and Marseilles, and in nearly all of them chaplains officiate and are regularly stationed.

It has a Sailors' Home in this city, which, during the year 1855, the last of which report is made, had 3800 boarders, and has had 43,856 in the course of the thirteen years of its existence, many of whom needed assistance.

It publishes monthly the *Sailors' Magazine*, of which it issues about 8500 copies, and which is widely read by seamen, being edited with a taste and tact which makes it interesting to them, and an instrument for furnishing religious knowledge.

It is aided by local societies at other sea-ports, and on the Western waters, though it is not nominally connected with them. The romantic interest which attaches itself to the class for whom it labors, their hopeful character, their strong claims upon us, their influence upon distant and different countries, as well as their necessary privation of so many of the great agencies by which the Gospel is furnished—all make a strong appeal in behalf of this association.

The Rev. Jonathan Greenleaf was for many years the able and efficient Secretary of the Society, and on his retirement he was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Spaulding, who, with the Rev. Mr. Loomis, is now pushing forward this important and interesting work.

THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN CHRISTIAN UNION.

This Society was founded in 1839, and is the youngest of the great organizations which this week celebrate their formation. Its object is not so much to promote religion in the United States, or establish it in heathen countries, as to occupy an intermediate field, presented by nominally Christian countries. Its chief efforts are put forth against Romanism, in which it allies itself with societies already at work in the Catholic countries of Europe and South America. It existed under the name of the Foreign Evangelical Society till 1849, when it assumed its present title, the American Protestant Society and Christian Alliance being united with it.

Its President is Rev. Thomas DeWitt, D.D., and its present Secretaries are Drs. P. R. Fairchild and A. W. M'Clure. It has found in Dr. Robert Baird one of its most effective supporters, and he has repeatedly visited Europe in its interest. It has published books to aid especially in promoting its design, the principal of which are Fox's Book of Martyrs, Popery the Man of Sin and Son of Perdition, Trial of the Pope, Foreign Conspiracy, Ciocci, The Conversion and Sufferings of Sarah Dougherty; for all of which the Society has secured a wide circulation, having distributed upward of 200,000 pages during the last year.

The number of laborers in the various branches of the service employed during the whole or parts of the year, as given in the last report, was 119. Of these fifty-two were in the foreign and sixty-seven in the home field. It has supported Protestant chapels in Paris and Rome, and in the former has recently secured the services of the Rev. Edward N. Kirk, D.D.

It has sent its missionaries to France, Belgium, Italy, Ireland, Sweden, Chili, Hayti, and Brazil, and has labored with especial success in Lower Canada, the population of which is of French origin and largely Roman Catholic.

The Rev. Robert Baird, D.D., is well known to the religious world. He is not now with the Society, but he has been so long identified with labors in this department, and as he was the founder of the Foreign Evangelical Society now absorbed in the Christian Union, we have ventured to present his portrait in this connection.

GENERAL VIEWS OF RELIGION IN AMERICA.

Perhaps the existence and growth of these societies is the best evidence and sign of the state of religion in the country. But it may be of interest to gather into a brief record some of the facts connected with this. In 1775 the total number of ministers of the Gospel in the United States did not exceed 1441, nor the congregations 1940. But the population did not exceed 3,000,000, which would give us one minister to 2082 souls.

In the year 1855 the number of ministers (exclusive of licentiates and lay preachers of the Methodist churches) was 32,310. The number of churches was 45,557, and of the congregations, at the best estimate which can be made, there were 70,000. The number of church members was given as 4,596,431. These were divided mainly as follows (omitting the Roman Catholic membership, of which we have not statistics):

	Churches.	Ministers.	Members.
Episcopalians	1,300	1,714	105,350
Moravians	23	28	3,500
Congregationalists	2,450	2,327	210,000
Baptists	14,070	9,476	1,322,469
Presbyterians	8,116	6,145	716,318
Methodists	14,000	8,740	1,593,794
Lutherans	1,900	1,000	225,000
Roman Catholics	1,910	1,780	....
Unitarians	360	360	150,000
Universalists	828	640	250,000
Christians	600	500	120,000
Total	45,557	32,310	4,596,431

The number of church edifices now annually erected may furnish some test of the growth of the different churches. It has been given at 1060, of which this would be a pretty accurate division:

Methodists	300
Baptists	300
Presbyterians and Congregationalists	350
Episcopalians	50
Lutherans	60
Total	1060

Perhaps $15,000,000 are annually paid by voluntary contribution to the support of the clergy. Yet a far greater sum is paid to the medical, and greater still to the legal profession. The minister is the poorest paid man, for the value of his services, in the community. He lives not for himself, but for others, and looks for his reward in another world.

It is too late in the history of the world to ignore or underrate the power of the religious element in the movements of the human mind and the human race. He takes a very narrow view of things who imagines that these gatherings of earnest and simple-minded men and women have no great significance, and are of no great account in the question of civilization or barbarism as the controlling influence in the earth. Philosophy has prided herself on an assumed superiority over religion, and has despised her aid in the mission of ameliorating the condition of suffering humanity; but it has been the work of the last fifty years to show what the religion of an open Bible can achieve, even in the face of the sneers and the resistance of every form of unbelief. The settlement of this country, not to say its discovery, the growth of our institutions, the development of our inexhaustible resources, the success of our experiment of self-government, the freedom with the happiness of our people, are all identified with the *religious* element; so that we may confidently affirm had we not been a *Christian* people we should not be what we are now, and perhaps should not have been at all!

The power of this element is great in proportion to the purity with which it is preserved from the contact and corruption of State patronage. It is above politics. It deals with men as men, and makes nations good by making individuals good. When kings or nobles assume to govern the Church, or priests presume to govern the State, the work of corruption has begun. In no country on the face of the earth has religion been more generally diffused than in our own land; but it has been promoted and sustained on the voluntary principle alone. It has spurned all alliance with the State, and this freedom has been its strength. These societies, a few of whose operations we have sketched, are but the organized wisdom of individuals to give the blessings of the Christian religion to their fellow-men.

It is our deep, earnest, and abiding conviction that these, and kindred institutions, are the grandest agencies now at work to preserve and promote the civilization of the human race. They are the outgoings of the heart of the Church. They are the instrumentalities by which God works with man to make this world what it should be, and to make man meet for a better. Therefore, we bid them all God-speed!

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The inhabitants of this city, it seems, are not the only ones who are in tribulation regarding "help." A gentleman at Elmira advertises for "a girl to do housework, who isn't run after by more than ten men—who can be contented at home one evening in a month—who, when she is out, will come home before midnight, through some other way than by the window—who hasn't more than three families of relatives and friends to provide for—and who can get a meal of victuals without seasoning it with dirt, hair, and feathers. Good-looking girls need not apply, and one over forty preferred."

◆

A reverend gentleman, some time since, thus recommended a certain compound: "I continued on using it, and by the time I had taken five bottles I found myself *completely cured*, after having been brought so near to the gates of death by means of your invaluable medicine."

◆

What is the use of *the* Bellows?
To *blow up* the Clergy, to be sure.

◆

"Please, Sir," said a beggar to Scroggs, the other day, "couldn't you give me a little something? I'm a bricklayer, but had a bad fall, when at work at my business, and have to live on charity, Sir." "Nonsense," answered Scroggs, "I had not only a bad fall, at my business, but a bad winter, too, and not much of a spring. I think you ought to give me something!" The beggar sloped.

◆

Edward Everett is the largest man in the world; for a newspaper states that "Mr. Everett *filled the hall*, every part of it, apparently with the greatest ease."

◆

The Washington *Union* says: "A gentleman in this city, whose east and west neighbors bear the euphonious name of 'Smith,' has an intelligent Irish handmaiden. A few mornings since a person rang his door-bell, and inquired of this servant whether Mr. Smith lived there. 'He does not,' was the prompt reply; 'he lives next door.' 'On which side?' asked the visitor. 'On both sides, your honor; you can't miss him.' 'But he is a clerk,' continued the anxious inquirer. 'Sure, and they're both clerks,' was eagerly returned."

◆

Fontenelle, at the age of ninety-seven, after saying many pretty things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvitius, passed her once without perceiving her.

"See," said she, addressing him, "how I ought to value your gallantries!"

"Madame," said the old man, "if I had looked at you, I could not have passed."

◆

Elegant Distinctions.—You persuade a woman, you convince a man, and you force a Chinese or a pine-apple.

THE ART OF OMNIBUS CORRESPONDENCE.

Innocent Old Lady. "Can you tell me, if you please, Sir, how omnibuses 'correspond' together?"

Fast Young Gentleman. "Why, you see, ma'am, to write is to correspond—so when one 'bus goes *right in* to another, they call it corresponding."

[Old Lady *audibly shudders.*

◆

Experience.—Like Time, it puts a man up to many a wrinkle.

◆

Some eloquent preachers are like those fine artists who paint windows, and thereby obscure, and in too many instances exclude, the light.

◆

A renowned clergyman, not a thousand miles from this city, lately preached rather a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed, and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out, others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon, and said, "That is right, gentlemen! as fast as you are weighed pass out!" He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

◆

A Kentucky lady having been deserted by her husband, advertises him, and appends the following painfully pretty stanzas to a description of his person:

"Oh that his bed may be made of briers,
And his path beset with thorns;
And the balance of his days
Be haunted by the Beasts with 7 heads and 10 horns.
Wedlock has been a woeful thing to me,
For marrying is not what it is cracked up to be;
I thought my pathway would be strewed with flowers and roses,
But the way old Bill has made me wretched it is a sin to Moses:
I feel like a forest tree by the north wind shaken,
Wretched, forlorn, sad, and forsaken."

◆

"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son one morning.

"So I did this morning!" replied Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah! what was it, darling?" and the father's fingers ran through his offspring's curls.

"Why, I walloped Jack Edwards," said the young hopeful, "till he yelled like blazes! You should just hear him holler, dad!"

The father looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not apply to any act like that, and concluded mildly with—

"You should not have done that, my child."

"Then he'd a walloped me," replied the young hopeful.

"Better," said the sire, "for you to have fled from the wrath to come."

"Yes, but," replied hopeful, by way of a final clincher, "Jack can run twice as fast as I can."

The good man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen, and endeavored to compose himself.

◆

Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where women fret no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some "holler" in the ground,
Where babies never yell,
And cradles are not found?
The loud wind blew the snow into my face,
And snickered as it answered, "Nary place."

Tell me, thou misty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
A place to smoke in peace,
Where crinoline is not,
And hoops are out of place?
The loud winds, sounding a perpetual shout,
Stopped for a while and spluttered, "Yeou git oout."

◆

An honest backwoodsman, unacquainted with the slang terms of the day, recently went into a store at Columbia, South Carolina, to purchase a bill of groceries. Stepping up to the keeper of the store, he began with—

"Have you got any sugar?"

"We ain't got any thing else," was the reply.

"Well, put me up one hundred and fifty pounds, and make out your bill. I'll call and settle and get the sugar in an hour or so."

In an hour or two after this the gentleman called, paid his bill, and got the sugar. As usual, the shopkeeper said—

"Want any thing else?"

"I did want some three or four bags of coffee, some rice, spices, oil, etc., etc., but I got them at another store. You told me you didn't have any thing else!"

◆

Come into a fortune, and then your friends will discover in you qualities of the most superlative brilliancy, the existence of which, in your moments of most intoxicated vanity, you never suspected before.

◆

As an American citizen stepped up to the poll at our Charter election, one of the "better citizens" challenged him. "Why do you challenge my vote?" fiercely demanded the indignant American.

"An' how long have you lived in this ward?" asked Patrick.

"*A long sight longer than you have lived in this country!*"

◆

A gentleman asked a little girl what it was that made a person feel so when another tickled him. "I suppose it is the laugh creeping over him!" was the instant reply.

◆

As stars upon the tranquil sea,
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine;
Oh then be kind, whoe'er thou art,
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

◆

In the town records of Boston, England, under the date of 1578, the following resolution is found: "That a dictionarye shall be bought for the scollers of the free scoole; and the booke to be tyed in a cheyne, and set upon a deske in the scoolle, whereupon any scoller may have accesse, as occasion shall serve."

◆

The Louisville papers give the following instance of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure: "About a month since there prevailed an abundance of gossip relative to a couple of young folks from the city, and their marriage at Charleston, Indiana. The affair has already had a *dénouement*, and the imagined happiness of the runaways terminates with a petition, filed by one of the parties in Chancery, praying to be divorced. The marriage was a runaway match, and the bride left word at home that 'Charlie and I could not wait.'"

◆

A teacher in a Sunday-school in R——, was examining a class of little boys from a Scripture Catechism. The first question was:

"Who stoned Stephen?"

Answer. "The Jews."

Second Question. "Where did they stone him?"

Answer. "Beyond the limits of the city."

The third Question. "Why did they take him beyond the limits of the city?"—was not in the book, and proved a poser to the whole class; it passed from head to foot without an answer being attempted. At length a little fellow, who had been scratching his head all the while, looked up and said:

"Well, I don't know, unless 'twas to get a *fair fling at him!*"

◆

Pompey said he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.

◆

The law ruins men, and fashion women.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday Evening*, *May* 11, 1857.

The Wholesale Produce Markets were active only for Breadstuffs, these having been much more eagerly sought after at very large advances on the closing currency of the previous week. Wheat Flour is up 50 @ 60 cents per barrel. Wheat 7 @ 8 cents; Corn 5 cents; and Rye 4 @ 5 cents, per bushel, over our former quotations. The home trade and speculative inquiry was the chief source of the activity. Other commodities were moderately dealt in, and were without any remarkable change in value.....The Live Stock Market was more amply supplied, and the general range of prices was a shade under that of the preceding week, yet the demand was not brisk..... The Country Produce Market was more freely supplied with new vegetables, and these found ready purchasers at our quotations. Other articles were rather quiet, yet not remarkably altered in value.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, common to good, per barrel..	$3 00	@	$4 50
" good to extra, per barrel	$4 50	@	$6 00
" Dried, State, per pound.....	11	@	13
" " Southern, per pound .	10	@	12
Cranberries, per barrel	$10 00	@	$15 00
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound...	17	@	21
" " (unpeeled), per pound.	9	@	11
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	75	@	$1 50
Potatoes, per barrel..................	$2 25	@	$4 50
" Sweet, per barrel..........	$7 00	@	—
Onions, Red, per barrel.............	$3 50	@	$4 00
" Yellow, per barrel..........	$4 25	@	$4 50
" White, per barrel	$5 00	@	$6 00
" per 100 strings	$4 50	@	$5 00
Washed Carrots, per barrel.........	$1 25	@	$1 50
Beets, per barrel.....................	$2 50	@	—
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 50	@	$2 00
Turnips, per barrel..................	75	@	$1 75
Cabbages, per 100	$5 00	@	$9 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches.............	$7 00	@	—
Maple Sugar, per pound	11½	@	12½
Spinach, per barrel..................	$2 00	@	—
Lettuce, per hundred	$6 00	@	—
" " dozen.................	75	@	$1 00
Sprouts, per barrel	$1 50	@	—
Rhubarb, per dozen..................	75	@	$1 00
White Beans, per bushel............	$1 50	@	$1 75
Butter, Western, per pound	14	@	18
" State, per pound	21	@	29
Cheese, State, per pound............	12	@	13
Lard, per pound......................	14½	@	—
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	14½	@	15½
Fowls, per pound....................	16	@	20
Ducks, Domestic, per pound.........	20	@	28
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	20
Geese, per pound	10	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	$2 25	@	$2 50
English Snipe, per dozen	$3 25	@	$3 75
Yellow Leg Snipe, per dozen........	$2 25	@	$3 00
Beef, per pound	9	@	12
Mutton, per pound	9	@	13
Lamb, per pound	11	@	15
Veal, per pound......................	7	@	10
Pork, per pound......................	8½	@	9½

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ELISHA KENT KANE. A Biography.
By William Elder.

In announcing the LIFE OF DR. KANE, we are but anticipating the wishes of the thousands and tens of thousands of the admirers of that great man.

His family have kindly placed in the hands of Dr. William Elder all his manuscripts, journals, and other documents available for the preparation of an accurate and complete biography.

Having been a personal friend of the deceased, and enjoying a large share of his confidence, Dr. Elder is well qualified to do full justice to the subject.

This work will be issued in one handsome octavo volume, and will equal, in every respect, the superb volumes of "Arctic Explorations," recently published. It will contain a new full-face portrait, executed on steel, as well as engravings of his residence, tomb, medals, &c.

In order to give this work a large circulation, it will be published at the low price of $1 50.

Dr. Kane.—Dr. Wm. Elder, of this city, is now engaged in writing a memoir of the late Doctor Elisha Kent Kane. It can scarcely fail to prove, not only a striking and picturesque narrative of the career of the intrepid adventurer, but also an intelligent delineation of his character, which was more bright and beautiful than the funeral orations and eulogies have told. Christendom, at present, knows nothing of the life of the man now so famous for his deeds. It is the story of that life that we may expect to read in this forthcoming memoir. The public actions of an individual, however admirable, are little in comparison with his noble private qualities. It is Sidney, passing the cup of water from his thirsting lips to the dying soldier at Zutphen, that adds love to the admiration we give to the historic Sydney of the court and the battle-field; and, in like manner, the private generosity and compassion, the self-forgetfulness, the self-sacrifice, and the thousand nobilities which were revealed in Dr. Kane's daily intercourse and relations with his fellow-men, and which the world can not honor only because it does not know, are more to us than the calm intrepidity that dared the dangers and endured the horrors of the Arctic shores and seas. Something of this the memoir may make known to us. If it prove to be what we expect it will, it can not but add a deeper feeling to our present apprehension of the life and character of one whose epitaph seems most fitly written in the words of the old ballad—

"He was a true and gentle knight—
Ah! well-a-day! Amen."

—*Phila. Exchange.*

CHILDS & PETERSON, Publishers, 124 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Phillips, Sampson & Co., 13 Winter Street, Boston.

Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., 115 Nassau Street, New York.

Applegate & Co., 48 Main Street, Cincinnati.

MANTILLAS.—WM. BUCHANAN MACKENZIE will open this day a large assortment of Mantillas, both in French and his own well known manufacture, consisting of Black Taffeta, Silk and Lace, Guipure Lace, Chantilly, and Poussa de Patoil, a new and elegant fabric of thread made by the well known manufacturers at Brussels, Louis Croucheate. As this is the popular store in America for such goods, Ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine, and they will find that he is selling twenty-five per cent. under ordinary prices. Mantillas from Six Dollars to One Hundred and Fifty each.

WM. B. MACKENZIE,
45 and 47 Canal Street,
United States Cloak and Mantilla Warehouse.

PARIS HATS!

PARIS HATS just received per Steamer Fulton, and for Sale by
Genin, No. 214 Broadway, Opposite St. Paul's Church.

GENIN'S SECOND ISSUE — SPRING STYLE. — Gentlemen's Silk Hats. — This, the particular gem of the season, is now ready for inspection and sale, at the old established price, $4 00.
Genin, No. 214 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's.

WM. BUCHANAN MACKENZIE is now prepared to offer inducements to Ladies in want of Mantillas, at twenty-five per cent. lower than ordinary prices. Mantillas from $6 00 to $100 00, in French and his own manufacture.

WM. BUCHANAN MACKENZIE,
United States Cloak and Mantilla Store,
45 and 47 Canal Street, Brandreth Building.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER,
THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER,
Has now attained
THE EXTRAORDINARY CIRCULATION
OF OVER
THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES!
Which is larger than the united circulations of any
TEN WEEKLY PAPERS IN NEW YORK,
ANY
TEN IN BOSTON,
OR ANY
TEN IN PHILADELPHIA.
The LEDGER is devoted to

POLITE LITERATURE,
ORIGINAL TALES,
SKETCHES, POETRY,
WIT AND HUMOR,
DOMESTIC STORIES,
THRILLING ADVENTURES,
CURRENT NEWS,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

It is beautifully illustrated every week, from original designs by the best artists. Each number contains five or six beautiful and spirited engravings. The great secret of the LEDGER'S success is, that it employs the best writers in the country, the proprietor sparing no expense not only to secure, but to monopolize talent of the first order.

The following distinguished writers are constantly employed on the LEDGER:

FANNY FERN,
GEO. D. PRENTICE,
MRS. SIGOURNEY,
MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
ALICE CAREY,
MISS GIBSON,
COL. WALTER P. DUNLAP,
EMERSON BENNETT,
SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,
DR. S. P. BRONSON,
WM. HENRY ERSKINE,

and a host of other well-known writers.

All the Tales that Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH writes hereafter will be published only in the NEW YORK LEDGER. She has withdrawn from all the other papers. FANNY FERN writes only for the NEW YORK LEDGER; SYLVANUS COBB, JR. writes only for the NEW YORK LEDGER; EMERSON BENNETT writes only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. The LEDGER is published every Saturday, and mailed to Subscribers at two dollars per annum; or two copies for three dollars. Address

ROBERT BONNER,
Publisher,
No. 44 Ann Street, New York.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER: See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH will hereafter write only for the NEW YORK LEDGER. See advertisement at the top of this column. Now is a good time to subscribe as a new and powerfully-written Tale by Mrs. Southworth will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER.

EVANS'
EXTENSIVE
CLOTHING
WAREHOUSE,
Nos. 66 and 68
FULTON STREET,
Bet'n Gold and Cliff Sts.

The amount of fine and cheap black cloth Frock Coats, fine and cheap cassimere Business Coats contained in this extensive Establishment is immense. Not one man in a hundred fails to be suited in every respect, for as regards price Evans flatters himself that he can and does undersell every other clothier in the City of New York. For instance:

The finest custom-made Dress Frock Coats...	$14 00 to 20.
Super Black and Fancy Cloth Frock Coats...	10 00 to 14
Cloth Frock Coats, well made and trimmed..	5 50 to 10
Over 5000 Cassimere Business Coats........	3 50 to 10
Spring Raglans..............................	5 00 to 12
Beautiful Blue Cloth Dress Coats...........	8 00 to 15
All the new styles of Silk Vestings	2 50 to 5
Cassimere Business Pants..................	1 50 to 3
Cassimere Dress Pants	4 00 to 6

&c., &c., &c., &c.,
&c., &c., &c.

Evans', Nos. 66 and 68 Fulton Street.

LABORATORY OF FLOWERS,
LONDON.
Piesse & Lubin Balsam of Flowers.

This fragrant, original preparation, invented and made only by the Proprietors.

The extraordinary effect produced by its use on dry
HEADS OF HAIR,
where there is want of *tone* and deficiency of natural support in the nutriment tubes of the
HAIR
is well known.

It not only causes the young, short under hair to grow up strong, and prevents the
HAIR
from falling off, but also prevents it becoming grey,

Geo. E. Inger & Co., Druggists, 399 Broadway, Sole Agents.

THE ETERNAL PERFUME.

FRANGIPANNI, and all its Compounds, made only at the
LABORATORY OF FLOWERS,
LONDON.
Geo. E. Inger & Co., Druggists,
399 Broadway,
Sole Agents for the United States.

FRANGIPANNI, the Eternal Perfume. 88 cents, $1 50, and $3 00 Bottles.
FRANGIPANNI, Pomade. 75 cents and $1 00.
FRANGIPANNI, Sachets. 50 cents and 75 cents.
FRANGIPANNI, Fruit. $1 00 Box.
FRANGIPANNI, Incense. 50 cents.
Sold every where.

CAUTION!! Fraudulent Imitations are in the Market.

RUPTURE CURED at "A. W. OLIVER'S" Truss Institute, 69 White Street, New York.

RICH LEGITIMATE PARIS, FLOWERS, at Wholesale and Retail. Ribbons and Flowers, Bridal Appointments and Coiffures in endless variety.
361 Broadway, James Tucker, Proprietor.

Mantillas!
MANTILLAS!!
MANTILLAS!!!

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS
FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

A Single Mantilla
at the Wholesale Price.
FIVE THOUSAND MANTILLAS
are now on Sale,
at the following
Extraordinary Prices:
1000 BLACK SILK MANTILLAS
at Three Dollars;
Regular Retail Price Six Dollars.
1000 BLACK SILK MANTILLAS
at Four Dollars;
Regular Retail Price Eight Dollars.
1000 BLACK SILK MANTILLAS
at Five Dollars;
Regular Retail Price Ten Dollars.
1000 BLACK MOIRE ANTIQUE MANTILLAS
at Six Dollars;
Regular Retail Price Twelve Dollars.
1000 ELEGANT BLACK SILK MANTILLAS
at Eight Dollars;
Regular Retail Price Fifteen Dollars.

This Extrarodinary Inducement
is offered in consequence
of the unparalleled lateness of the Season,
and the almost total stagnation
OF THE WESTERN WHOLESALE TRADE.

Believing in that system of business which recommends the conversion of Surplus Stock into ready Cash
AT ANY SACRIFICE,
in preference to keeping it on the Shelves, or selling it at Full Price on long and uncertain Credit, the Subscriber respectfully presents the above List of reduced Prices to the Ladies of New York and the Country generally, assuring them that the fullest reliance may be placed on the Statement here set forth.

GEO. BULPIN,
361 Broadway, New York.

☞ Orders from the Country faithfully attended to.

⁂ A magnificent assortment of the new
"MAYFLOWER MANTILLA,"
of rich, gray Moiré Antique—an article of surpassing beauty and novelty.

STATEN ISLAND FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT, Office Nos. 3 and 5 John Street (two doors from Broadway), New York,

Have the most improved apparatus, with the best skill and experience, for the Dyeing, Cleansing, Refinishing, &c., &c., of all goods susceptible of such treatment in the piece or garment. Prompt and careful attention guaranteed. Goods received and returned by Express.

Barrett Nephews & Co., 3 and 5 John Street (two doors from Broadway), New York.

MAY AND JUNE FASHIONS IN MANTILLAS now ready and for sale at twenty-five per cent. lower than ordinary prices.—WM. BUCHANAN MACKENZIE is happy to inform his customers and others in quest of such goods that he is now prepared to offer such a stock of Mantillas as can not be surpassed in this or any other country, both in prices, style, and finish. His facilities in this branch far exceed any other in the trade, from his long connection with the first European houses, and his long experience as a Mantilla manufacturer. Ladies will please call and judge for themselves.

WM. BUCHANAN MACKENZIE,
45 and 47 Canal Street, Brandreth Building,
United States Cloak and Mantilla Store.

N. B.—Wm. Buchanan Mackenzie has always been acknowledged by the leading papers in this city as the only original artist in the Mantilla line.

NORTHERN SUGAR-CANE SEED, OR IMPHEE.—Having purchased from Mr. Leonard Wray his importation of Chinese Imphee, or Sorgho, grown under his own immediate inspection, thereby insuring the utmost purity. We offer it for sale in quantities at One Dollar a Pound, and in packets prepaid by Mail, with Directions for planting, at 25 cents, 50 cents, and $1 00 each. Two pounds of good heavy seed is the quantity required per acre to insure a maximum Crop. This seed, *so superior to any other in the market*, can be purchased only from J. M. Thorburn & Co.,
Seed Warehouse, 15 John Street, New York.

DR. MUNDE'S WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT AT FLORENCE, MASS. (3 miles from Northampton Depot) continues open throughout the year. Price Twelve Dollars a week.

SIX REASONS WHY EVERY BODY USES
LYON'S KATHAIRON.

1. It is the Cheapest preparation for the hair ever made.
2. It is pronounced by all to be the Most Beneficial.
3. It is the most Agreeable to use.
4. It is the Cleanest and most Carefully Prepared.
5. It is the most Highly Perfumed.
6. It is the only article that never fails to give Entire Satisfaction.

The immense sale of the KATHAIRON—nearly 1,000,000 Bottles per year—attest its excellence and universal popularity. Sold by all Dealers, every where, for 25 cents per Bottle.

Heath, Wynkoop, & Co., Proprietors and Perfumers, 63 Liberty Street, New York.

ST. VITUS' DANCE CURED.

No Galvanism. No Medicine given; but a harmless application on the Spine, which never fails to cure.

W. J. M. Fish, 67 Johnson Street, Brooklyn.
References.

Richard Jones, American Exchange Bank, New York; H. T. Moore, Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn; John Price, 74 Grand Street, Williamsburgh; and upward of 50 more City References will be given if called for.

THOUSANDS IN NEW YORK CITY,
In the Fourth Avenue,
In the Fifth Avenue,
In the Sixth Avenue,
In Fourteenth Street,
In Bleeker Street,
In the Bowery,
In Centre Street,
In Hudson Street,
Have been Cured of Ague
By Deshler's Pills.

HALL, DIXON & FRASER, 149 Chambers Street,
F. C. Wells & Co., 115 Franklin Street,
C. H. Ring, 192 Broadway,
Stebbins, Morgan & Allen, Cliff Street,
Wholesale Dealers in Deshler's Ague Pills.

DESLHER'S ANTI-PERIODIC, or AGUE PILLS,
Agree with Men of all Parties,
Disturb no Religious Creed,
Know no North, no South.

MANUFACTORY AND LABORATORY
of Deshler's Fever and Ague Pills,
C. D. Deshler, Agt., New Brunswick, N. J.

FEVER AND AGUE BANISHED!
From Rahway, N. J.,
By Deshler's Anti-Periodic Pills.

EVERYBODY IN RAPTURES.

Hosts of our acquaintances are in raptures with a medicine called the "Extract of Cannabis Indica," which, we are assured by an abundance of competent and respectable witnesses, is a sure, speedy, and permanent cure for consumption, coughs, bronchitis, asthma, pleurisy, nervousness, and general debility. This highly-praised medical preparation was discovered many years ago in Calcutta, by Dr. H. James, a London practitioner, who had taken his only child—a daughter—there with him, hoping that the climate would prolong her life. She was pronounced an incurable case with consumption. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from East India Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard, and succeded in realizing his wishes. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and he has never failed in making them completely healthy and happy. He is now an aged man, and long since retired from practice; but he thinks it his duty to confer the grand benefit he holds upon his sick fellow-beings, and he therefore supplies it to all who apply for it. His charge is $2 00 a bottle, but if you can not pay that, he will send you full instructions for making and successfully using the Extract. To get these instructions, you have only to inclose four postage stamps to the address—"Dr. H. James, No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J." Try this famous medicine. There can be no doubt of its efficacy.

CONSUMPTION. Old Dr. H. James's wonderful remedy, prepared with great care and expense by his recipe, can be obtained immediately, with full directions, at the depot, 510 Broadway, N. Y. ($2 00 per bottle), of Dr. Birdsey, Agent.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA. This purely Vegetable Remedy combines in itself the properties of an antiseptic, a mild Cathartic, and a Tonic. It quickly removes all impurities from the blood which engender and feed disease. The cures it performs are, therefore, radical and thorough. Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York. Price $1 00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5 00.

CATARRH! This terrific foe to health—this prolific parent of BRONCHITIS and CONSUMPTION—has at last been met and conquered!

By not being understood, it has been deemed incurable. It is not so. It can be cured! Dr. R. GOODALE, 385 Broadway, N. Y., still continues to demonstrate the truth of this assertion. He will prescribe also for other diseases, which have been deemed "very difficult" of cure. Among them *Dyspepsia*, which he claims to understand and cure!

⁂ Consultation on Catarrh and Dyspepsia *free.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Harper's Weekly will contain Sixteen pages of the size of the *London Illustrated News*, each Number comprising as much matter as an ordinary duodecimo volume. It will be printed in a form and upon paper suitable for binding; and as the pages will be electrotyped, the back Numbers can always be supplied, so that Subscribers will be able at any time to complete their files. At the close of each volume, neat and appropriate Covers will be prepared for the convenience of those who wish to bind the paper.

TERMS.

Harper's Weekly will appear every Saturday Morning, and will be sold at Five Cents a Copy. It will be mailed to Subscribers at the following rates, payment being invariably required in advance:

One Copy for Twenty Weeks . .	$1 00.
One Copy for One Year . . .	2 50.
One Copy for Two Years . . .	4 00.
Five Copies for One Year . .	9 00.
Twelve Copies for One Year . .	20 00.
Twenty-five Copies for One Year .	40 00.

To Postmasters getting up a Club of Twelve or Twenty-five, a Copy will be sent gratis. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. Specimen Numbers gratuitously supplied.

Clergymen and Teachers supplied at the lowest Club Prices.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.